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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE secret of the Conference is still undisclosed, but the instrument remains in being, and both sides appear to agree that if it succeeds it will offer a modification of the British Constitution in the shape of a scheme of Federal Home Rule. This is accepted by the neo-Toryism represented by the "Observer," and is not rejected by the "Times." This plan would involve a setting up of three subordinate Assemblies for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It would, we think, be impossible to maintain both a specially English Parliament and the present House of Commons. The Imperial Parliament would retain a veto on the delegated acts of these bodies. Mr. Redmond has repudiated the interview in the "Express" accepting such a solution, but the general lie of his American speeches, and those of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, is in this direction.

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MEANWHILE, it is well worth pointing out that the first definite formulation of Home Rule at the Dublin Conference of 1873 was on a federal basis. This is shown in the last of the four Resolutions which defined the Home Rule scheme. This document urged:—

"That, in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the Colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with

foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the Empire at large; as well as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes."

And further—

"That such an arrangement does not involve any change in the existing Constitution of the Imperial Parliament, or any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown, or disturbance of the principles of the Constitution."

"That, in the opinion of this Conference, a Federal arrangement, based upon these principles, would consolidate the strength and maintain the integrity of the Empire, and add to the dignity and power of the Imperial Crown."

Finally it is worth noting that Parnell accepted Cecil Rhodes's gift of £10,000 on the express condition that no Parliament should be granted to Ireland which could not be extended to any (subordinate) part of the Empire.

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MR. BALFOUR made a speech to the Imperial Union Club at Glasgow on Wednesday which, while it does not give his party a programme even on the naval question, makes a plausible substitute for it. Mr. Balfour alleged four facts: (1) that the margin of our naval supremacy was narrower than it had ever been before; (2) that the two-Power standard had not been preserved; (3) that we could not meet a combination between the greatest naval Power and a small naval Power; (4) that in 1913 we should only have an advantage of four Dreadnoughts over Germany.

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It is enough to say that every one of these statements is false, for (1) our naval supremacy was never so great as it is to-day; (2) as compared with a bare margin of a ship or two against France in the mid-Victorian period, we have a superiority over Germany of between three and four to one; (3) we are nearer a three-Power than a two-Power standard, and we could easily meet and beat the two strongest naval Powers combined, and (4) we shall certainly possess, in 1913, a balance against Germany, not of four Dreadnoughts, but of twenty-five to seventeen, or, if we count the two Colonial Dreadnoughts and the two Lord Nelsons, of twenty-nine to seventeen. Finally, we may really ask our governors whether an expenditure of over forty millions a year on our Navy ought not to give us a safe margin against a Power which spends little more than twenty millions? Mr. Balfour added a hint, and no more than a hint, of a Naval Loan, if it should prove impossible to build a predominant fleet out of the Estimates.

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THIS view is given some tentative support in a letter from Mr. Churchill, who obviously hints that if the Naval Estimates are to swallow up the social reform fund, some recourse to borrowing may be necessary. On the other hand, Mr. McKenna, speaking at Blaenavon on Tuesday, declared against the policy of a Naval Loan. That is satisfactory, provided that Mr. McKenna's enormous and ever-growing Estimates do not kill his Government's social policy. Unfortunately, those Estimates are governed by the First Lord's state-

ments of naval strength, which happen to be only a shade less worthless than Mr. Balfour's, who, indeed, founded his own figments on Mr. McKenna's almost identical calculations of March and June, 1909. That we may not be supposed to be speaking without our book, we direct our readers' attention to a letter by Mr. Alan Burgoyne in last Sunday's "Observer." Mr. Burgoyne is the editor of the "Navy League Annual," the organ of the advanced naval school in this country and also a thoroughly fair, competent, and well-informed publication. In this letter Mr. Burgoyne gives what he describes as the "authoritative facts" in regard to the shipbuilding of the Triple Alliance, which, indeed, are now perfectly well ascertained. We contrast them with the statements made to the House of Commons by Mr. McKenna on June 26th, 1909, placing the two statements side by side:—

#### The Facts.

On the Italian programme Mr. Burgoyne writes:—

"The 'Dante Alighieri' was laid down on June 6th, 1909, and launched on August 20th last. It is hoped to complete her by March, 1912. The second Dreadnought, the 'Conte di Cavour,' was laid down on August 10th only—her official date of completion is March, 1913. That is the sum total of progress in Italian Dreadnoughts to date."

On the Austrian programme he writes:—

"Not until April this year (1910) was the first of these vessels actually laid down at the Stabilimento Tecnico of Trieste, though material was collected around the slip in December, 1909. The second was commenced last month, and they are to be launched in August, 1911, and February, 1912, respectively. At the moment neither is even in frame."

On the German programme he writes:—

"The 'Nassau' was ordered on May 31st, 1906, laid down in July, 1907, launched on March 7th, 1908, went on trials October 1st, 1909, and was commissioned on May 3rd, 1910. The 'Westfalen' was ordered on October 30th, 1906, laid down in July, 1907, launched July 1st, 1908, left for trials November 16th, 1909, and commissioned on May 3rd last. The 'Rheinland' and 'Posen' were ordered on April 2nd, 1907, laid down in August of that year, launched on September 26th and December 12th, 1908, respectively, were on trial on April 30th and May 30th this year, and, finally, were both commissioned for service on September 20th last.

We may add that, as to the Austrian programme, the Admiral of the Austro-Hungarian Navy stated on Thursday that even these two ships were being put up as a speculation by the Trieste firm, and that the Government would not even begin to pay for them till 1911! They will not be finished for three years, at least. If

#### Mr. McKenna's "Facts."

"Two countries, Italy and Austria, have now declared a definite programme of four large armoured ships of the latest type. In Italy one of those ships is already laid down, a second is to be laid down immediately, and the remaining two are both to be laid down in the course of the present year (1909). . . . The Austrian programme of four battleships of the largest size is, like the Italian programme, an actual reality."

"The 'Nassau' was laid down in August, 1907, and it is to be completed in October this year. The period of construction will be two years and two months. The 'Posen' and another ship were laid down in August, 1907, and all are expected to be completed at the end of the present year (1909), their time of construction being two years and five months."

facts are debased in this way by those who are in honor bound to state them fairly, how is it possible for the country to realise how great is its naval superiority and how completely it is being maintained?

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THE Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a remarkable speech to the members of the Liberal Christian League—to which we wish every success—at the City Temple, on Monday night. Mr. George premised that, while Free Trade greatly lessened the pressure of poverty, and, in fact, gave the patient a milder form of the disease, the trouble was common to Protectionist and Free Trade Countries. The existence of this poverty was, indeed, the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda, and in proposing a remedy the great Protectionist had called, not for voluntary effort, but for State action, even though it involved injury to individuals. The working of the Old Age Pensions Act had brought home to the speaker the tremendous character of our social contrasts. On the one side you had underfed Youth and overworked Age, with five-sixths of our adults who die every year owning no property. On the other side were people owning so much land that it took them two months to fill up Form IV., and 2,000 people dying in one year worth £150,000,000.

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THE solution of this problem of poverty, said the Chancellor, was made more difficult by the way in which the State wasted its resources. Thus, if we saved the seventy millions a year we spent on armaments, we could pay every member of the wage-earning classes an additional 4s. a week. We measured land for sport by the square mile, and land for workmen's houses by the square yard or the square foot. The country maintained "too large a free list" of idle rich people who were no use to it. He compared the mal-distribution of the nation's wealth with that of the waters of the Nile. Thus in the Upper Soudan the great river fed a morass with the water which might make a whole wilderness blossom like the rose. In the same way it disheartened reformers to see a great stream of popular enthusiasm turned to petty uses, as it disheartened the practical man to see an impetuous mountain stream turning only a half-rotten water-wheel.

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LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, the Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, and the Managers of the Great Northern and Great Western Railways have withdrawn from their Governorship of the London School of Economics, because of a speech by Mr. Sidney Webb, the Chairman of the School, on the Osborne judgment. Mr. Webb spoke as a private individual outside the School, just as Lord Claud Hamilton can speak and act as a private individual on Protectionist platforms. Why an independent speech by Mr. Webb should disable him from associating with Lord Claud Hamilton on neutral ground, while an independent speech from Lord Claud Hamilton should not disable him from association with Mr. Webb, we do not know.

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ACCORDING to the "Times," the anger of the railway magnates has been caused, not merely by Mr. Webb's speech on the Osborne case, but by his advocacy of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. We think this decision very regrettable, because it seems to us to point to an endeavor on the part of the financial interests to stop freedom of thought within a University, which the School of Economics practically is. It is not alleged that Mr. Webb has talked Osborne judgment or Minority Report in connection with the School

of Economics, or that the study of social facts and tendencies which goes on there is conducted on partial lines. But if this is not the case, why should capitalists withdraw from it? Or is the endowment of research only to proceed on the condition that its directors and professors shall maintain no private opinion which is distasteful to a founder? We hope that our Universities will express themselves on this point in no uncertain tones.

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FROM Teheran comes the news of the presentation to the Persian Government of a British note in which it is summoned within three months to restore security on the Southern trade routes. If it fails, it is informed that a gendarmerie will be established by the British Government on these routes under Anglo-Indian officers. The cost, it is understood, will be borne by a surcharge of 10 per cent. on the Customs. The proposal is not, as we read it, that the Persian Government is to be coerced into taking British officers into its service. It is that the British Government will itself assume this elementary function of sovereignty in Southern Persia. Unless the two protecting Powers remove their veto from the loan which the Persian Government has negotiated in Teheran with the Imperial Bank (a British concern), it is not likely that Persia will be able to find the money necessary to restore an efficient police. That brigandage is much too common in the South cannot be denied, yet the "Times" correspondent reports a considerable increase in the Customs receipts during the last five months.

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THE only uncertainty about the foreign policy of the Young Turks is whether it is with Greece or Bulgaria that they mean to quarrel first, or whether they would elect to quarrel with them both at once. M. Venizelos, a Cretan by birth, but a Hellenic subject of long standing, has been summoned this week by King George to form a Ministry, a task which he has successfully accomplished. He is a strong and able man (we write from personal knowledge that goes back some ten years), cultured, thoughtful, and singularly free, as Cretans often are, from the typical faults of Greek party politicians. His defects are not impulsiveness, or a weak deference to the mood of the coffee-house. The Young Turks, however, have chosen to make his well-deserved elevation to the head of the Greek Government an excuse for a definite rupture of diplomatic relations.

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SUCH is the announcement of the semi-official "Tanin," which states that the Turkish Minister in Athens has been given indefinite leave, and compares M. Venizelos to a military "deserter." It is unworthy of a soldierly race to talk in this strain of one of the leaders of the successful Cretan insurrection, who won his liberty on the field of honor. Germany would have better reason to complain of the inclusion of an Alsatian in a French Ministry. Meanwhile, the mysterious financial tangle goes on complicating itself. The French loan has been successfully arranged in Paris, but whether the Turkish Cabinet will accept the terms is doubtful. This Cabinet is itself torn by dissensions, the Military Dictator, Mahmud Shefket Pasha, apparently objecting to any audit of the accounts of his Ministry.

\* \* \*

CORROBORATION continues to arrive regarding the brutal methods adopted by the Young Turks to disarm the non-Turkish peasantry in Macedonia. Greeks and Albanians have suffered, but the brunt of the oppression has fallen on the Bulgarians. We referred last week

to the wholesale floggings at Istip, and in the villages round Uskub. Further details speak of the use of the bastinado—which was, by the way, officially abolished when the reign of liberty began. Nor is the brief brutality of the soldiers the end. The peasants, limping on their swollen and lacerated feet, are forced along the roads, and then imprisoned, with no formal charge to answer, to await the sentence of a Court-Martial. A letter which has reached us from a reliable private source even describes the use of ropes passed round a man's forehead or chest, and then twisted tight, as a method of dragging from him the secret of the hiding-place of the arms which, on no evidence at all, he is supposed to possess. This common persecution has brought Greeks and Bulgarians together in close sympathy for the first time in their history since Bulgaria was a nation.

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THE French railway strike is over. The men have obtained the minimum wage of five francs a day in the Paris district, but no other advantage so far, and the victory rests with the companies, or rather with the Government. The tradition of military discipline in part accounts for the failure of the strike. The defections were mostly in Paris; when the strike was declared over, it was spreading in the provinces. Quite 15,000 men on the Northern Railway alone refused to the last to obey the mobilisation order, and are now liable to prosecution as deserters; the numbers on the Western (State) Railway in the same case are even larger.

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THE strike has had a profound affect on the political situation, and its full results are yet to be seen. The breach between M. Briand and French democrats is now an open one. For a week France has been governed by Presidential decree, and by the will of the Prime Minister and the police. The railways have been under martial law, and workmen arrested merely on the ground that they were strike leaders. Last year M. Barthou declared in the Chamber that railway men had as full a legal right to strike as any other class of workers; his statement was approved by M. Clemenceau, who took the responsibility on behalf of the Government of which M. Briand was a member, and M. Briand voted with his colleagues against an amendment intended to deprive railway men of the right in question. This year M. Briand arrests railway men for exercising that right, and, in effect, abolishes the right itself by a Presidential decree *ad hoc*.

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AVIATION has scored during the week one deserved success and experienced one equally deserved failure. The first is the voyage of the airship "Clément-Bayard No. II.," from Paris to London. The ship, which was built by the "Daily Mail," made a remarkably easy and speedy passage across France and the Channel, starting from Compiègne at 6.55 a.m., and reaching Wormwood Scrubs at 1.23 p.m., an average speed of forty-one miles an hour. The voyage was prepared with the utmost care, and all the weather conditions were favorable. Both these elements were lacking to Mr. Wellman's thoughtless attempt to cross the Atlantic in the airship "America," whose passengers were picked up about 350 miles off the North Carolina coast by the s.s. "Trent." The enterprise was hardly an airship voyage at all, for the "America" was tethered to a trailing "equilibrator," consisting of tanks of gasoline and blocks of wood, and was a mere sport of all the winds that blew. Mr. Wellman and his crew showed courage and to spare, but small knowledge of or care for the conditions of their problem.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE CONDITIONS OF SETTLEMENT.

As the time draws near when the results of the Conference must be announced, it is well that Liberals should make their position clear on certain fundamental points. If the Conference fails altogether, we return to the *status quo ante*. If it succeeds, if, that is to say, the four representatives of the Government and the four of the Opposition can agree on a set of proposals which they can lay before the public, it must be borne in mind that these can be nothing but proposals. The four representatives are in no sense plenipotentiaries. They have not been selected by their respective parties, still less endowed with special powers to speak the mind of their followers on the constitutional question. Nor do they represent all the parties concerned. Two of those most vitally interested, the Labor Party and the Irish, have been left unrepresented. Any proposals therefore that are to carry with them the smallest hope of success must be such as to commend themselves to Nationalism and to Labor. Nor would the bulk of the Liberal Party agree to a settlement, even if one favorable to themselves could be devised, which should be marred by the taint of disloyalty to their allies.

This being understood, let us take the alternative cases. The Conference may fail in the sense that no preliminary agreement can be reached. In that case, as we have said, the *status quo ante* is restored. What was the *status*? It was constituted by the history of the last Parliament, of the General Election, and of the Resolutions introduced by the Government in the earlier part of the year. The House of Lords had defeated Liberal legislation and thrown out the Liberal Budget. The Liberal Party challenged the former action of the Lords in the Campbell-Bannerman resolution of 1907, and both actions in the speeches of Mr. Asquith and other leaders, which formulated the platform of the party in the General Election. As a result, the Government obtained a decisive majority, and Resolutions were introduced, and carried by large majorities, in the House of Commons, abolishing the financial veto of the Lords, and limiting their legislative veto to a period of two years. At the same time suggestions were made as to the reform of the Upper House, but it is the clear sense of the Liberal Party that any such measures must be postponed to the question of the veto. If, therefore, the Conference fails, the veto proposals hold the field. We do not say that they are above or beyond modification. The essential point is that there should be a fair run for democratic measures, including in the term democratic measures initiated by the Liberal, the Labor, or the Irish Parties. On any proposals which will adequately secure this end all these parties may agree. All minor points will be sunk for this supreme purpose. On the other hand, any tampering with this object could only destroy the democratic alliance, and drive the bulk of the Liberal rank and file into opposition.

We turn to the opposite alternative. We assume for the moment that the Conference results in some measure of agreement between the eight interesting and

important individuals concerned. We assume in accordance with the feeling in the air that in seeking for a possible line of agreement on the veto, they come up against the Irish question; that the Conservative members have in effect said, "We might meet you on the veto if only English or Scottish measures were concerned, but we cannot leave the Irish question to the arbitrament of a single General Election." At this stage we may imagine the discussion has taken a larger turn. Could not a wider scheme of constitutional re-settlement be taken in hand? Could not means be found of satisfying the Irish demand in a manner agreeable to the Imperialist sentiment of the Conservative party? With that there come upon the table those schemes of devolution which have been occupying the more conjectural columns of the daily press. What is the content of such schemes? We know nothing. But let us in optimistic vein, and for the sake of pure hypothesis, follow the line of least resistance to Irish and to Liberal sentiment. Let us then suppose what the Conference contemplates to be some measure of Home Rule all round. There would be national Parliaments—we shall by no means avoid the word—for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. There would be some means of referring purely English questions to a Grand Committee of the House of Commons, which must be kept intact, as the source and foundation of our liberties. Possibly the personnel of the national Parliaments would be identical with that of the House of Commons. On many, possibly on all internal matters except, presumably, the levying of Imperial revenue, authority would be delegated to the national bodies, which would thus be able to deal with land, education, the churches, police, industrial legislation, and so forth. But Parliament would retain a veto on all Acts of these bodies. Their Acts might accordingly be made a subject of debate in the Imperial Parliament, or might there undergo reversal. We do not imagine that the idea of devolution can conceivably commend itself to the Conservative representatives in the Conference without at least two safeguards.

We are thus at once brought back from devolution to the veto question. In what way will the veto be exercised, and by whom? Will it be exercised by the Imperial House of Commons, or by Ministers acting on the authority of the House of Commons and representing the House of Commons. Or will it be exercised only by the House of Lords? In the latter case it is clear that so far as ultimate control is concerned, we are left precisely where we were before. The Edinburgh Parliament may for the third or fourth time pass Lord Pentland's Land Bill. The Westminster House of Commons may approve it, and the Westminster House of Lords may once again throw it out. The Welsh Parliament might pass a Disestablishment Bill, the House of Commons might approve it, and the House of Lords might throw it out. The Dublin Parliament might amend the Land Purchase Act. The House of Commons might approve, and the Lords could throw it out. From the trams on a London bridge to the widest principles of finance, the control of the oligarchy would remain, and the control of the oligarchy is



what we are here to throw off. Without this measure of emancipation devolution might lighten the burden on the House of Commons, relieve congestion, ease the passage of uncontroversial reforms. It will be no decisive step forward in the struggle for the democratic reorganisation of the kingdom.

It follows that whatever the scheme of devolution, the problem of the veto remains all-important, and it need hardly be reiterated here that no scheme of reconstitution, not even one of a fully elective Second Chamber, will satisfy the Liberal demand on this point. We have, indeed, remarked that Liberals are not wedded to the details of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution, nor of those resolutions which have been passed in the present session. They involve a measure of delay which will be no small handicap to Liberal legislation. Some would prefer the machinery of a joint sitting, and it is conceivable that, having regard for the "face" of the Peers, the Conference might lean more readily to such an alternative. Let us consider what it would mean. Any idea of the full and equal representation of both Houses is at once put out of court by the simplest arithmetical considerations. The House of Lords can boast a permanent Conservative majority of something, we suppose, between 400 and 500—enough to swamp any House of Commons majority ever known. Any tenable proposal for a joint sitting must assume that the Peers would elect representatives, say, seventy or eighty in number, on a proportional system, and that these representatives would sit in the final debate with the House of Commons as a whole. A handful of the representative peers would be Liberals, and the net result would be to establish a permanent Conservative force of sixty or seventy. In other words, a Liberal Bill would have to command a majority of that size in order to be definitely assured of a free passage to the Statute Book. To agree to such a plan would be for the Liberal Party to accept a serious handicap. A far better scheme, therefore, would be that suggested by the "Times," and discussed in THE NATION, under which the Lords would contribute a fixed quota of Liberal and Conservative peers in equal or nearly equal proportions, and making up half the Joint Committee, while the other half would be composed of members of the House of Commons, in proportion to the strength of parties there. The first proposal, as compared with the existing veto proposals, would, in effect, substitute a handicap of numbers for one of time. It would still remain possible for a reactionary measure, such as the Licensing Act of 1904, to be pushed through by a Tariff Reform Government by a majority of three, while it would be impossible to repeal it without a majority of sixty or seventy. But, as compared with present conditions, the gain to democracy might be so considerable that, if it could be accomplished without further delay by the general consent of parties, Liberals might not shrink from the task which it would set them.

It is impossible, at this stage, to enter into all the questions of detail which the mere word "Devolution" suggests. We have arrived merely at the task of recalling the mind to the fixed points. These we take to be two. For the Irish, Home Rule. Devolution the wise

may call it, but the Irish know what they mean, and will stick to it. For Liberals, freedom in legislation and finance. If not full equality with their antagonists, sufficient equality to enable them to carry out the trust reposed in them by the electors, and to carry into law a measure once resolved upon by a substantial majority of the constituencies.

#### THE TASK OF MODERN STATESMANSHIP.

It is Mr. Lloyd George's capital merit that he lives in the world of fact and reality, and is not happy unless he can bring politics into touch with it. In this respect he resembles Mr. Chamberlain, whose statesmanship, with all its distractions and crudities, has usually tried to set itself four-square with the society we live in. Unhappily, Mr. Chamberlain made a wrong choice of sides, and in that act he visibly cut himself off from the great body of generous thought and feeling, of free social investigation, which the atmosphere of Liberalism, in its widest sense, provides. When, therefore, he set himself to consider large remedies for social evils, he could only go to Protection, which is a false remedy. But Mr. Chamberlain's error had one fortunate effect, which Mr. George was quick to note in his brilliant speech at the City Temple. It blew into the air the conventional optimism of the old-fashioned British statesmanship. Mr. Chamberlain had to admit the central fact of home poverty—poverty on such a large scale as effectively to dim the brilliance of Empire. And he had also to confess the necessity for large and comprehensive remedies, undertaken by the State, even in disregard of individual interests. If the Liberal Party had replied, as the "Spectator" and the Free Trade Whigs replied, merely with a glorification of things as they were, Mr. Chamberlain would have beaten them, and they would have deserved their defeat. Happily, they took another course, and Mr. George's fertile spirit has been the chief factor in the working out of the only alternative to Protection—the policy of constructive social reform. The answer to Mr. Chamberlain has already been the Old Age Pensions Act, financed by the series of graduated taxes on extreme wealth and unearned increment, and the plan of national insurance against industrial inability and unemployment. In other words, we have met Protection by a connected scheme for using the resources of the State, its knowledge and controlling and suggestive power, in order to raise the moral and bodily efficiency of the mass of the people. We may do our opponents the justice of supposing that they have in view the same object as ourselves. But, admitting that poverty is a social factor common to Protectionist and Free Trade communities, the fact remains that, as long as the Tories adhere to Protection, they bind themselves not merely to stereotype the present physical miseries of the poor, but to enhance them. They create new pools for the accumulation of rent, profit, interest, and the growth of purely luxurious and pleasurable expenditure. They tend to dry up the wages pool, and stint its outflow in food, necessary comforts, adequate house room, continuous employment. These facts, thanks to the experi-

ence of the last twelve months, are common property. Every Labor party, every popular manifesto on food prices in all the great centres of European industry, attests them.

But, after all, this carries us only part of the way to a solution of the problem of poverty. No single solution, indeed, exists. But we may be certain that a country which carries so large a "free list" of idle rich as our own will never solve the two troubles which Mr. George chose for exhibition, the under-nurture of the young, and the "sweating" of its older and more helpless workers. Some re-distribution, therefore, of the common fund is necessary for a race that not only calls itself Imperial, but has something of the feeling of unity that is the secret of a powerful national life. Such a course is not only due to the growth of enlightenment and of Christian feeling; it is the plainest common sense. Our non-workers do not provide us with the right intellectual material; nor our over-worked and under-paid with the physical stuff we need. Expenditure on defence is nothing to the point, for the leaders of the people will in the end exhort them to refuse a military service which draws away the whole surplus of taxation, and forbids any real advance in social reform. By every path, therefore, we reach the same goal. If the pure Socialist State is to be avoided—and in itself it seems to us to offer neither liberty nor security—we must prepare for a larger degree of equality in national leisure, pleasure, and treasure than any civilised State enjoys to-day. If some are always to have a "surplus," as Mr. George put it, the mass must have a measure of sufficiency; the hands of the statesman must be on the irrigating levers, so as to save one part of the tract from over-fertility and the other part from dryness and famine.

Within these bounds, therefore, lies the real task of modern statesmanship, and it is the merit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he divines this goal, and realises that there is no other. The modern Minister may destroy or qualify his capacity for raising the level of human life and happiness by feeding the insensate quarrel of one society of men and women with another, though each wants the same things. And he may very well be distracted by the complexity of the problems with which he has to deal. Its aspects are, indeed, as various as human nature itself. The statesman cannot cut off the springs of individual enterprise. He must be able to count on a constant stream of goodwill and good feeling among the enlightened members of the "possessing" classes. He must, as in the City Temple speech, endeavor to enlist on his side the religious sentiment, which can never be satisfied so long as access to the means of decent existence remains as unequal as it is to-day. All this implies a continual use of the appliances of civilisation—faith, science, thought, money, organising ability—to establishing a society which, though it will never be perfect, never be ideally just or right, will give the mass of men an increasingly firm belief in the good intentions of their governors and their power to adapt new forces to the needs of the greatest possible number. Mr. Lloyd George is blamed in some quarters because

he did not indicate all the means of attaining these objects at the disposal of a statesmanship that cannot and ought not to be revolutionary, but must disturb and readjust some interests that do not make for the general good. But if he had done this, he would have been open to the objections to which the Marxian school of Socialism is rightly exposed. The value of the City Temple speech is not that it indicates either the final goal of human effort—that is in any case hidden from our eyes—or a fully conceived plan for attaining it—that is the work of the doctrinaire, not of the politician—but that, like the Limehouse speech, it sets up a test of progress. If the people are being made increasingly content with social law, government is a success; if they are being made more and more dissatisfied with it, it is a failure. For the moment the key to this problem rests in Liberal hands; and we see no party so well able to solve it.

#### THE LARGER ISSUES OF TRADE UNIONISM.

THE Osborne judgment is only one among various considerations bearing on the future status of trade unions. The economic, political, and legal anomalies of the present situation, indeed, renders any simple single solution, such as the mere reversal of the Osborne judgment, wholly inadequate. A trade union is a benefit society. It is also a machinery for collective bargaining upon a basis of labor monopoly. It is in effect, if not in form, a political party. It is moving in various countries into the position of a recognised instrument of the State for various industrial purposes. In respect of all these functions difficulties have arisen. The benefit purposes are visibly imperilled by the prominence assigned to a strike policy or a political propaganda. Certain defects of trade union organisation for collective bargaining are made manifest in the revolt of local groups against the executive authority, as illustrated in the case of the Tyneside boilermakers. The great railway strike in France brings up in its most crucial form the all-important problem of the relation of the State to industrial conflicts, and exhibits in "Syndicalism" a recrudescence of those suspicions of the State which marked the earlier epoch of trade unionism in this country. "Syndicalism" in its extreme form of a repudiation of political action, and a reliance upon "the general strike" as the sole efficacious instrument for advancing the cause of labor, is, of course, as indefensible in theory as it is impracticable in action. Against any attempt to apply it, by paralysing the railways or any other centre of the economic system, the starved or menaced public will revolt, arming the Government with dictatorial powers for the restoration of industrial order. Whatever endorsement a politician out of office may have given to the doctrine of "a right to strike," a responsible statesman can never recognise such a right as having validity against the vital interests of the nation. The delicate mechanism of modern industry will give increasing prominence to this issue. It will insist, with ever-growing urgency, upon the right of the State, as representing the interests of society as a whole, to intervene in the quarrels of

groups of capitalists and workmen which threaten a general disturbance of the industrial order. Wherever a serious and prolonged railway strike occurs, whether in America, or Italy, or France, the Government is forced by public opinion to find or forge some power of intervention. We agree with the acute criticism offered by our correspondent, Mr. W. L. George, that such interventions are almost sure to be inequitable, inclining, as they must, to favor the cause of the stronger and more stubborn combatant. We also agree that in cases where the quarrel is between the State and her employees, the position of the Government as prosecutor, judge and jury, is liable to grave abuses.

But no consideration of these difficulties can justify the acceptance of a complete *laissez faire* policy, in which the State shall merely keep a ring, and let the rival factions fight out their quarrel to a finish, regardless of the suffering public, which has been no party to the quarrel. The underlying notion in any such proposal, that the conduct of an industry belongs either to its employers or its workmen, or to both, is a preposterous denial of the solidarity of modern industry. A State, which is not prepared in emergencies to assert the paramount rights of organised society over the rights or interests of any groups of workmen or employers, is abdicating the primary functions of civilised government. It is, of course, a thoroughly sound principle that State intervention should be as rare as possible, and should be confined to the gentlest methods likely to be efficacious. In this country, at any rate, public opinion is certainly not ripe for compulsory arbitration by the State, believing that some extension of the present powers of conciliation will suffice to meet all emergencies. Whether this expectation be fulfilled will depend largely upon the ability of the trade union executives so to control their members as to maintain effectively the conditions of a collective bargain. If the recent disaffection inside the unions should spread, the valuable services rendered by labor organisations in furnishing instruments for peaceable negotiation could no longer be relied upon, and it would be necessary for the menaced interests of the public to give the State larger powers of forcible intervention.

But in considering the probable future of trade unionism, the essential doubts and difficulties relate to the possibility of securing a more genuinely democratic structure for the State. For the suspicion which workmen entertain of State action, in the legislature, in administration, and in the courts, is due to their recognition of the defective knowledge of, and sympathy with, working-class life and conditions that prevail in the governing classes. Well-to-do legislators, drawn from the employing classes, and officials, judges, and juries with class-bias and class points of view, are hardly qualified to do substantial justice in the making or administration of laws dealing with the difficult and complex relations of employers and workers. The root-difficulty of trade unionism is that of realising a democracy in which the people shall have security that their interests shall be understood and served by the persons whom they appoint and pay

to do this work. If the working-classes believed, and had reason to believe, that they would get fair and intelligent play in Parliament, in the administrative departments, on the judicial and magisterial benches, and in the jury boxes, there would be none of this harking back towards "Syndicalism," and no denial to the State of the necessary powers to settle industrial disputes and preserve industrial order. The insistence upon Labor members and a Parliamentary Labor Party belongs to this perception of the necessity of trying thus to realise democracy.

This urgency is greatly enforced by the new proposals for a State machinery for dealing with unemployment, sweating, and other industrial maladies. The most practical students of our social situation agree that the trade union organisations ought to play a valuable part in social reform. A striking recognition of this is afforded in an able pamphlet written by Mr. Cyril Jackson, containing a sympathetic preface by Lord Milner, ("Unemployment and Trade Unions," Longmans). Mr. Jackson, whose wide experience in educational and unemployed relief work gives weight to his argument, builds up a strong case for a wide use of trade unions in the new industrial and educational policy to which the nation is committed. The recognition in active Conservative quarters that trade unions, with all their defects, are fit, and, indeed, indispensable, bodies for co-operating with the State in the working of Labor Exchanges and Trade Boards, and for the development of Unemployed Insurance and Technical Instruction, is a satisfactory testimony to a new social spirit in the Conservative Party. Mr. Jackson urges not merely that Labor Exchanges should give preference to trade unionists in the organised trades, but that union officials should be encouraged to do much of the work which State officials cannot do so efficiently. The final position of the labor exchange, as he sees it, is "that of a trade well subsidised by Government in respect of rent and of clerical staff, but really governed by the Committee of the men in each trade." To the same bodies, in co-operation with the State, and with organisations of employers, he would entrust the administration of unemployed insurance, the regulation of hours of labor, and of boy labor, and the education of the workmen. All these are matters in which he holds it better to utilise an existing voluntary machinery rather than to set up a brand-new set of official instruments. The arguments by which this view are supported deserve, and will doubtless receive, wide attention. We are not, however, here concerned with their particular validity, but with their general bearing upon the fundamental question of the future status of the trade union. For, if its real destiny is to become an integral part of the new growing fabric of industrial and social government, a link between private business enterprise and State supremacy, its present methods of bargaining and of industrial warfare will be superseded, and its work as a political party will appear as a transitory phase in the evolution of a new organ of government. A friendly society, a collective bargaining machine, a political party, an instrument of State! Is this the law of evo-



lution of trade unions? It is too early to pronounce even an opinion with confidence. But it is evident that some fairly large transformation of their present anomalous shape may be expected, and it is most desirable that the active minds among the workmen should reach out to consider issues of graver practical importance even than the Osborne judgment.

#### A RACES CONGRESS.

SINCE Mr. Charles Pearson in his brilliant book, "National Life and Character," first gave popularity to large speculations upon "race problems," much water has flowed under the bridge. "Imperialism," as a conscious policy, then in its infancy, has grown big. The contacts between the white nations of the West and the colored peoples of Asia and Africa have become more numerous, more intimate, and more constant. Both for trade and for capitalistic development, large areas, occupied by lower or by backward races, play an enormously enhanced part in the economic policy of every advanced nation. Two events in particular are forcing into the forefront of the general consciousness this aspect of world-politics. The United States has definitely thrown off the earlier attitude of political and economic self-sufficiency, and by her Philippine and Panama policy, as well as by her vigorous push for export trade, adds to her domestic race-problems foreign ones even darker and more dangerous. Her appearance as a claimant for the political-economic hegemony of the Pacific would in any event have been a disturbing factor in the Asiatic calm. But coincident with the swift transformation of Japan into the position of a first-rate Power, endued with all the activities and ambitions of the great white Empires of the West, it presents incalculable possibilities of peril. For this example of Japan is a novel force of unknown potency. It has visibly set a-quiver every live nerve in the huge straggling body which seemed a corpse. In China and Manchuria, in India and Persia, Asia begins to exhibit unsuspected energies and feelings. Everywhere the older, and, as we dreamed, the extinct, civilisations are reviving. Two tendencies, contrary and hostile in their first appearance, are disclosing themselves. On the one hand, the imitative and assimilating energies of the newly-stirred peoples impel them to copy and adapt the military, scientific, industrial, artistic, and even religious habits and institutions of the races they have been compelled to reverence as masters. If they would assert themselves successfully, they must utilise all the instruments of Western efficiency, from Dreadnoughts and Representative Parliaments to telephones and cinematographs. This seems the shortest cut to national realisation. On the other hand, a little experience shows that many of the Western habits are fundamentally discrepant, not merely with immemorial tradition, but with ideas deeply embedded in the very soul of these peoples. When the new spirit of vague agitation begins to seek more definite expression, there is a harking back to the hidden sources of social growth, and forces of national revival appear, upon lines, not imitative of Europe, but more conformable to "the genius" of the people. Japan, the most whole-

hearted of the seekers after European greatness, is beginning to recognise some grievous dangers in her quick-grafting process, while the new "nationalism" of India is evidently rent by this deep inherent discrepancy of purpose.

What applies to the ancient nations of the East in their resurrection is equally, though in a different manner, applicable to the African and other lower races, whether living in their own countries or sojourning among strangers. Equally for them the age of primitive seclusion has passed away. In an age of universal exploitation, of Marconigrams and airships, no people can hope to live unto themselves. Old festering patches of barbarism will more and more be taken as offences against the order of the world. The civilised nations will claim more and more insistently to police the world, and their rude policing is likely to be done with much brutality and ignorance. Their best-meaning efforts will everywhere be liable to distortion in the interests of those keen, hard-headed business men who run modern politics and may sacrifice the body and the soul of any nation for a short profitable run of gold mining or rubber working.

It is satisfactory to know that all over the world the gravity of this situation suggests some considered policy for the relations between the peoples of the West and East, the advanced and the backward races. Every statesman, every international lawyer, every commercial leader, not to speak of anthropologists and professed sociologists, is continually confronted with large practical issues demanding a clearer understanding of the facts of these race problems. The private studies of individual administrators, missionaries, traders, travellers, scholars, have collected vast stores of facts and thoughts. These again need to be converted into a common fund of knowledge, and to be enriched by comparison and reflection. Though we are in danger of becoming Congress-ridden, there can be no more valuable work than this for an International Congress to undertake. Such a Congress has now been arranged for the closing week of July next year, when a most remarkable gathering of men and women from more than fifty countries will assemble in London to consider and discuss "in the light of modern knowledge, and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation." Such is the general outline of a scheme to which a very large number of men of scientific, political, and moral economics in all parts of the world have given their adhesion. Among the supporters of the Congress are no fewer than twenty-five Presidents of Parliament, a majority of ten members of the Hague Court of Arbitration, twelve British Governors, most of the members of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and almost all the professors of International Law in the leading countries. It is thus fully equipped for its work, which touches a problem vital, not merely to the happiness, but to the security, and even the existence, of the Eastern and Western worlds.

## Life and Letters.

### WHY NO GENERALS?

It is rightly assumed that, if we could see ourselves as others see us, the spectacle would be wholesome, but unpleasant. Hardly any human creature's joy is increased by that discourteous revelation, nor does the patriotic pride of race come off much better in the too realistic portraits that other nations draw. It is in vain to protest that every great portrait implies an ideal, and that the true artist strives by sympathetic imagination to discover the nobler characteristics concealed under his subject's ordinary appearance. The imagination is far from sympathetic: it makes no effort to discover the qualities which our modesty conceals; the colors are splashed on with the crudity of a house-painter; and the result is a caricature that we refuse to recognise, just as no schoolmaster ever recognises the drawings of himself on the school walls. Yet that is how other nations see us—an unpleasant, but wholesome, spectacle.

With regard to our Army, for instance, for a good many years we retained Mr. Kipling as a kind of Court Painter, and we liked his pictures very much. Those dear little drummers, with their naughty swear-words and gallant little hearts—those darling Tommies, so humorous and cheerful, so tender to females, so relishing the slaughter of the heathen, whether with hot or cold—and Oh, those delicious officers! "clean-limbed," daintily dressed, not too clever for human nature's daily food, but so delightfully susceptible—how we loved them all! Mr. Kipling's genius turned us into nursemaids. At the sight of a red coat our hearts went pit-a-pat. That was the art for us—the art that discovered the inward ideal, depicted the *vérité vraie*, and showed us as we saw ourselves. There we beheld what we aspired to be, and the sight comforted us, for art is not photography. So, for a few years, whenever we thought of the Army, there was no happier people.

The war tattered our comfort, and Mr. Kipling's pretty portraits were turned face to the wall. But still, we thought, the hard lesson had been learnt. After nearly three years' fighting, the Army was large, tough, and experienced. Something of the afternoon-tea atmosphere was cleared away, and officers were sometimes heard discussing their profession without the penalty of "shop." We reorganised our forces several times, we set a philosopher at the top of them, and hoped that all was for the best. And now comes a cruel, downright German, and again, with unimaginative precision, he insists on showing us ourselves as others see us. Colonel Gädke witnessed the Army manoeuvres this autumn, and a week ago he published a general criticism on our Army in the "Berliner Tageblatt." Our worst enemy could not call the criticism flattering. Of our comforting reassurance he now leaves us only two rags: he praises our raw material as "exceptionally good"—as "second to none in the world"—and that is good to hear, when we are always being lectured on our physical degeneracy, and when we remember that our soldiers are, almost without exception, chosen from our unemployed and poverty-stricken classes. Again, he says that their great moral qualities, their coolness, and daring qualify our soldiers in an unusual degree for such operations as holding India, or for intervention in Afghanistan or Thibet. That also is something when we are always being lectured on our loss of the great moral qualities. After all, Mr. Kipling's heroes were only occupied in such operations as these, and it may well happen that our Army will never be required again for any other purpose.

But supposing it is required—supposing our politicians launch us again upon another comparatively small war, such as the South African; or supposing they have already secretly agreed with one or other of the Powers to send a considerable force (say, two Army corps) under certain conditions to take part in a European war (let us say, to check the passage of a great Power's flanking

army through Belgium, as imagined in "Ubique's" book on "Modern Warfare")—what of our Army then? Colonel Gädke's judgment is painfully decisive:—

"The British Army," he writes, "is not only incapable in point of numbers of throwing any decisive weight on the scales in a Continental war, but it is also deficient in the war training of its soldiers, and in the understanding of its leaders for the task which a great modern war would impose upon them. . . . From the impressions I received when witnessing the recent Army manoeuvres near Salisbury, it is my belief that the British troops, so far as their general value and military excellence are concerned, have not changed much since the South African War. . . . As a land Power, Great Britain has fallen out of the ranks of first-class military Powers."

Well, we were all aware of that, and there is not much object in remaining a first-class military Power, if the enormous expenditure of energy and resources involved is not necessary for our preservation. But we should all like the army to be first-class within its limits, and Colonel Gädke comes to tell us that the thing is hardly above contempt. Even the items—the individual battalions, on which we prided ourselves—do not escape his censure. He thinks the mechanical drill, the training for sentry duty, the church parade, and the exaggerated value set upon the men's uniforms, all interfere with the proper training for service in the field. He says he formed the impression that our Army is trained for fighting on level ground only, and that the ordinary exercises carried out over the same well-known tracts of country are the worst enemies of military usefulness. We do not agree with him when he maintains that, but for the old, picturesque, and historic uniforms, not a single "mercenary" (he only means voluntary recruit) would join the Army. We know it is a tradition among officers that recruits join to please the feminine eye. But we believe far too much influence is given to that feminine eye. Recruits usually join for food and lodging, and if, directly after the war, all the silly old uniforms, in which no sane man would now go into action, had been publicly burnt, and the whole Army had retained only its active service kit, the country would have been saved great expense, the soldiers would have been spared endless trouble over a ridiculous costume, and the feminine eye would have contemplated with rapture the men who looked like soldiers instead of dolls. But for the rest, we believe Colonel Gädke is perfectly right, and as to the recurrent field-days in places like Aldershot, where every mole-hill becomes a familiar seat, and there is never any doubt what the enemy will do, because only one thing is recognised as possible, we know well with what listlessness the officers go through the job, and with what concentration the soldiers keep their minds fixed, like horses, on the way back to dinner.

Still more serious is Colonel Gädke's condemnation of the higher ranks:—

"The higher leaders," he writes, "do not understand how to handle their troops in masses, nor yet do they understand how these masses should be joined together for united action in battle. . . . The generals, from the highest downwards, did not know how they should begin to utilise their troops in masses, or how to combine and unite them in order of battle. Each squad fought away at its own little fight. . . . What were most astounding of all, however, were the decisions of the umpires. . . . One can only ascribe utterly unsound tactical theories to the generals of the British Army. Here, also, the resemblance to the Russian campaign was unmistakable. It seemed to me that, as the manoeuvres progressed, even the highest leaders completely lost their heads. . . . I had heard a great deal of praise given to the delight which the British officer took in acting upon his own responsibility; but to my mind the attitude of the higher leaders was extraordinarily passive, not to say indifferent."

We say this charge is more serious, because an army, after all, depends on the generals, and, though the soldiers may win a battle, they cannot win a campaign. Nor could any amount of reorganisation or conscription save us, if this deep-lying defect in our national character remains. We can produce regimental officers; we have been called a nation of captains; why can we not produce generals? It is significant to compare with Colonel Gädke's criticism the verdict of the German Official

### Account of the South African War, when treating of Colenso:—

"The causes of the English want of success at Colenso," it is there said, "are, first of all, to be sought in the lack of sufficient force of character in the general in command. . . . It was the general, and not his gallant force, that was defeated. . . . He was no longer the leader, but merely a fellow-combatant. Self-confidence and deliberate reflection had vanished. The physically brave man had succumbed morally to the impressions of the battlefield."

In short, like the generals on the manœuvres, General Buller had lost his head, and, instead of realising the leadership of masses, was occupied with the detail of Colonel Long's guns. Why is it that our generals display this want of character and coolness? Why is it that we hardly ever produce a general like Marlborough, capable of great combination? We have called it a deep-lying defect, and, indeed, we believe it may be traced to its distant source in our public schools. They breed the caste from which generals spring. They give us an agreeable type of men, ignorant, but rather well-mannered, and as a rule so honest that they can be trusted with sixpence—a rare and inestimable advantage. But at the public schools intellect is studiously discouraged, and a boy who, unhappily for himself, displays any sign of it is boycotted as a "sap," "swot," or whatever the special word may be. Even the masters talk of nothing but sports, and, as to learning, the boys are quite content to acquire a knowledge of the 'Varsity teams. Conversation is limited to an exchange of particular and insignificant facts. A wide or general idea is glared upon as an intrusive monster, and, far from being taught to realise masses, the boy is never allowed to imagine anything above eleven or fifteen. Good form becomes the rule of conduct—the good form which prompted a cavalry officer to say that the chief use of cavalry was to give tone to what would else degenerate into a vulgar brawl. Imagine a public-school boy faced with Napoleon's maxim that a general must have perused again and again the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, Frederick, and, we must add, Napoleon himself, Moltke, and the American Civil War. Before he leaves school the boy's brain is atrophied for such consecutive and persistent study. He would regard it as ignominious, a thing to be concealed; and as long as that is true of the average among our best educated men, we need hardly wonder why we produce so few who are capable of wide views, whether in campaigns, foreign politics, the reform of the Constitution, or the planning of a town. Limited to good form, trivialities, and a dread of intellect, we cannot handle troops or anything else in masses. "We are only sportsmen," sighed an officer returning to camp from overwhelming defeat in South Africa, and it is not the sport that makes the general.

### THE BLACK CAT.

WHAT is the real attitude of that mixture which we call the public mind towards the black cat incident of the Wellman air-flight? Is it regarded as a merely humorous freak, a playing with the memory of an extinct superstition, or is there a widely cherished feeling that, perhaps, after all, the old traditions about charms and mascots may have something in them? No one can feel surprise that in an enterprise so full of sudden and incalculable hazards a man should avail himself of any device that will help him to keep nerve and confidence. But it is interesting to speculate upon the state of mind which brings together the nicest applications of physical science and the crudest feelings about luck. If the case, however, were one of exceptional survival, it would merit little notice. But the comments of the man in the street, though half humorous in treatment, evidently suggest a widespread undercurrent of belief in modes of squaring luck. Put the case before him in a "rationalistic" way, he would probably admit that any accident which may occur could, if the facts were known, be explained with strict reference to the force of air-currents in relation to some defect in the shape, structure, or machinery of the air-ship, nor would he con-

tend that the presence of a black cat, or even of a grey kitten, could alter any of these factors. He would know that any feeling he held either about the capricious behavior of the elements, or about the action of any virtue emanating from the "mascot," was indefensible by reason. But this knowledge would not dispel or appreciably affect his feeling. Partly, no doubt, he mixes up in his mind the legitimate and the illegitimate meanings of chance. If I toss a coin, I may quite reasonably say that whether it comes down "head" or "tail" is a matter of chance, meaning, of course, that the determinant factors lie beyond the possible range of my calculation. But if, on observing that heads have come down nine times running, I am disposed to bet that the tenth fall will be "tails," implying that the otherwise equal chances of the tenth throw will somehow be affected by the results of the earlier throws, I am allowing my imagination to play tricks with me. To steep oneself in the sort of happenings that belong to games of chance, no doubt tends to such sorts of illicit interpretation. Ordinary life, of course, has plenty of events which, appearing casual and completely unattached, sin against our sense of a rational order in the Universe. But a gamster who lives in an atmosphere of such accidents must either surrender himself to the notion that nothing happens with a cause, or else he must convert luck into a spurious order of causation. The latter is what he tends to do as a safeguard against sheer anarchy. The belief in runs of good or bad luck is, in fact, a substitute both for the old notion of a providential order and the new notion of scientific causation. The view entertained by educationalists that these remnants of old superstitions would shrivel up before the advance of knowledge, does not seem justified by events. It may not be true, as some contend, that there is of late a great actual revival of crude beliefs in luck, magic, and other modes of irrational order in the Universe. Probably such beliefs, or the feelings which form their main constituents, have never become altogether expelled from the minds of any class of the community. Deference to the authority of science and of reason had kept them awhile in the background: men and women in educated circles were a little ashamed of them. Attention to omens and to minor rites of magic were for a time discouraged, and so, no doubt, loosened their hold upon the minds of educated persons. The old naïve superstitions of the peasantry are doubtless weakened, but they do not disappear, and among the more educated grades of our population there seems a disposition to cultivate for enjoyment and romantic use some of the older elements of pre-scientific speculation. Amid the revival of astrology, palmistry, and necromancy, it is not, however, difficult to detect a survival of the sentiment of luck, as a loose form of destiny, not a fixed fate or a divine ordinance, but a sort of tendency of events to run in a given way in their bearing on particular persons.

For the popular sayings which enshroud the doctrine, such as "Misfortunes never come singly," and for the natural tendency of incapable or foolish men to shift responsibility on to some objective power of malignity, it is easy enough to account. But the belief in luck and in the power to turn a run of luck by means of some apparently quite irrelevant instrument goes deeper than this. The decay of theological convictions, and in particular of the sense of a personal Providence, is evidently and admittedly responsible in part for a recrudescence of older forms of explanation of the current of events. Now luck is the lightest form of destiny, the idlest form of explanation. So it is particularly suited to an age of frivolity and improvisation alike of thought, of feeling, and of conduct. It is well adapted to the view of the drama of life which widely prevails to-day, as a blend of light vaudeville and melodrama, run by quick-change artistes in a series of short shifts, with all deep seriousness of sustained interest expelled. The endeavor of grave scientific people to substitute for an older Providence a complete inexorable reign of law, as rigorously applicable to human history as to the rocks and stars, has never really taken root in the general mind. Whether utilised



to break down all effective personal responsibility, as in the earlier and cruder determinism, or to reinforce it, as in the teaching of such strenuous moralists as Emerson and George Eliot, it never won wide genuine acceptance, as a guide of life. The pragmatist, indeed, may fairly claim that "luck" thrives as a theory, and in his sense of truth is true, because it seems to fit the needs of the ordinary man, who having shaken off his Calvinism does not want to shackle himself with a rigorous causality of any sort. When the personality is squeezed out of Providence, and it is made more flexible, it becomes that power of luck which takes a fancy to one man and has a grudge against another, but which, perhaps, after all, may be manageable if one takes the proper way to deal with it. Here, presumably, the uses of a black cat come in!

There are humors in this as in other philosophies. Among them is the notion of canalising a stream of luck and so directing it as to make it grind grist for a particular man's mill. Scores of ingenious and educated men at Monte Carlo and elsewhere employ themselves in inventing gambling systems to achieve this end. The thousand superstitious practices of the card-table all turn upon some similar conception of luck, as a force which can be utilised or diverted by some change in the way of dealing or some rearrangement of the chairs or order of the players. It is, of course, hard to determine the amount of genuineness which belongs to such professed beliefs. No doubt many reasonable persons merely play with them as interesting antiquarian trifles, feigning a half-belief which deceives neither themselves nor others. But many retain a real undercurrent of belief that, after all, there may be something in the wisdom of their ancestors which has bred such apparently foolish traditions. A few work it into some "mystical" view of life and the Universe, using it to help eke out their penchant for the vague and the miraculous. Maeterlinck, if we remember right, tries to assign it some indefinite place in his scheme of destiny and justice, and is disposed to trace the feeling for luck to some pre-human, or early human, instincts of divination and of warning, which, displaced from normal employment in the later history of man, lurk as dim occasional sources of suggestion in the background of his nature.

But, probably, it derives most of what hold it still retains from the survival of early animistic sentiments, which accredited all sorts of things with tendencies or forces resembling human will. A blend or generalisation of such external wills, sometimes one, sometimes another taking charge of events, and open to manipulation by the proper magic, would afford what spiritual substance is required to support the sense of "luck." Such passionate interpretations of the mystery of life accepted by countless generations of our forefathers, must have left an impress, not merely upon the body of traditions and usages, but upon the imaginative and emotional susceptibilities of the human race, which no scientific exposure can suddenly eradicate, and which will only slowly perish, perhaps with waves of powerful temporary revival, in the course of many æons.

#### THE KINGDOM OF WORDS.

To the next satirist of his kind who is minded to paint an accurate portrait of mankind in an unfamiliar dress we are tempted to bequeath a hint. There have been travellers enough in unreal kingdoms. There is no need to scale the suspended island of Laputa, or drift with Saint Maël in a magical barque of stone to the country of the Penguins. Let the satirist take his passage in a Peninsular and Oriental boat and disembark at Shanghai. A man with a shrewd pen might tell such a tale of human extravagances that boys would mistake it for a romance, and read it as they read "Gulliver's Travels." This Chinese world of literate folly and learned childishness, of polite brutality and philosophic barbarism, was anything like it ever conceived by an atrabilious humorist? At every turn one laughs and

wonders, and gasps with astonishment, until, as one turns the page, one happens to glance at the mirror, and there discerns dimly a shadowy queue depending from one's own cranium, and the hint of a yellow jacket covering one's tweeds. We are tempted to challenge the reader to an experiment. Does he know why it was that the Dowager Empress of China lent all the weight of her character and her prestige to the Boxer outbreak, and the siege of the legations in Peking? The tale is unutterably and uniquely Chinese. Conceive the Boxers with their fantastic rites, their strange oaths and incantations, their drill, their extortions, their boast of invulnerability, their confidence, worthy of a Shakespearean hero, that they could meet and overthrow the four corners of the world in arms. But how came it that the astute old lady who had turned three reigns to the ends of her ambition, and tricked in turn ambassador and mandarin, soldier and eunuch, was induced to challenge the civilised world? The fact was that Prince Tuan, the Boxer leader, had delivered to her an ultimatum from the Powers, couched in a note of quiet insolence, which demanded her own abdication of the regency and the effective restoration of the imprisoned Emperor to power. Then in a spasm of rage she declared the siege. The note was a mere fabrication. How perfectly Chinese, how deplorably Oriental, how worthy of a decadent court, how inconceivably remote in its obliquity and cunning! But glance for a moment at the mirror. Is not that, perhaps, something a little like a queue? *De te fabula narratur.* It is the story of Bismarck's forged despatch of Ems.

China is the land of the written word. It is ruled by essays. It lives on paper. Elsewhere things happen. In China they are written. We experience events. They only write history. And because this is the central fact regarding China, the book which will render China must be a book of documents. We have never had the good luck to come across any book which ended by presenting a picture of the strange life of a distant people so vividly as Messrs. Bland and Backhouse have drawn it in "China Under the Dowager Empress" (Heinemann). It achieves its success because it is from first to last a collection, connected by a competent and restrained narrative, of Chinese documents. Every step in the tangled history is told as the royal actors themselves saw it in their edicts, or as their official critics saw it in their memorials. A Chinese Emperor discourses of current events as fluently and almost as often as a daily leader-writer. He is expected to possess a style, and in the manifestoes of the Dowager Empress there is assuredly no lack of individuality. Here are the memorials of the courtier that won him promotion, and the memorials of the honest man that lost him his head. Here, too, are a pair of the most instructive of all self-revelations, the diaries of two Chinese officials, written at the critical moments of the Dowager Empress's career. The first is the tale of the perplexities of a good son whose mother died as the foreign devils entered Peking and burned the Summer Palace fifty years ago. You watch the gradual making of the coffin as her disease proceeds. There is relapse, a new coat of lacquer is applied, and incidentally the foreigners are at the gate. There is a momentary recovery, and the purchase of the Robes of Peaceful Longevity is delayed; but now the flight from the doomed city is begun. She dies, and the dutiful son transports her remains amid the clatter of a falling Empire, lest the barbarian should violate the precious coffin, now complete to its last coat of lacquer. The second diary describes the experiences of an aged Court official during the siege of the legations. He laments pathetically that he is too deaf to hear the guns that are exterminating the foreign devils. He records how amid the tragedy and the danger the Empress is found "in the profound seclusion of her palace" painting on silk. She is minded one day to sail to the pleasure lake of her palace grounds, and bids the guns cease, because they give her a headache. One reads of this official's obsequiousness and the other's stoic courage. One realises that Peking was divided into those who opposed the massacre of the barbarians, because they thought

China too weak to attempt it, and those who advocated it because they thought the Boxers irresistible. The narrative ends as the avenging foreigners enter. The old man sits alone. His women-folk have committed suicide in fear and shame. He moralises on his own prudence, and hoarded wealth, and love of life. The page ends abruptly, and a footnote remarks that at this point his own son, in the general confusion, flung his body down a well. But, indeed, one might fill pages with extracts which reveal the piquant contrasts of this world where the written word is fact. There is the little picture of the assassination of the late Emperor's favorite concubine by the Dowager Empress for the crime of insubordination. The body of The Pearl was flung down a well. But the official gazette canonised her in the Pantheon of the Dynasty, and enshrined for ever her conspicuous virtues. Shall anyone blame the Empress? She had done no wrong. The Pearl Concubine stands in history, and is worshipped among the ancestors, a happy, a beautiful soul. Or, again, there is the comedy of the Empress's first ascent to power. Her consort, a debauched degenerate, is dead, and the whole Court is engaged, tense and preoccupied, in the one great national concern of performing his burial rites, and conveying his corpse to the Palace of Peaceful Longevity in Peking. Incidentally, the Manchu Princes of the older stock have resolved to murder the Dowager Empress. She knows it, and they know that she knows it. Yet as she enters the ambushade, with her loyal guards around her, the ceremonial messages are exchanged, and the great words recorded in edicts in which the would-be murderers exchange compliments on their virtues with their victim. It is a mad world. One watches the Emperor slowly dying. Edict after edict summons all the physicians of the Empire to his Palace. They throng its courts, receiving largesses and paying bribes. Yet when the moment of consultation arrives, etiquette forbids that the subject should look his patient in the face, or raise his eyes from the ground, or touch the divine hand to feel his pulse. But an edict is published with the diagnosis. The kingdom of words knows no rebel.

This strange and illuminating book is full of surprises. One is not surprised to read of the extortions of the Court, of the murders in accordance with etiquette, the beheadings according to rule, and the peculations under cover of the Sages and the Classics. There are Ten Commandments West of Suez, and there are Seven Deadly Sins. What is new and great in this Chinese world is the revelation of its heroic and stoical virtues. In what other history could one read such a tale as that of the loyal official who, because he was disturbed by the Empress's violation of dynastic usage in failing to provide an adopted heir to sacrifice to the late Emperor's ghost, solemnly prepared himself for death, wrote a simple, yet eloquent, memorial, and killed himself on the Emperor's grave. It was not personal devotion. The dead Emperor in question had neither admirers nor partisans. He was a degenerate sot, known only for his cowardice and licentiousness. The loyalty of this extravagantly good man was to the written law and the inviolable tradition. If that was a gallant suicide, there is a touch of Cato in the deaths of the two censors who protested against the folly of the siege of the Legations. Once they memorialised and were rebuked. Twice they memorialised and were threatened. The third time they set their houses in order, made ready their coffins, wrote a yet more defiant memorial, and were duly decapitated. In all the prevalence of corruption and the ferment of reform, it is this old-world virtuous China, good by rote, heroic by precept, stolid, unflinching, individualistic, which lives to keep the strange society strong and sweet. Wordsworth would have written a sonnet to these men had he known of them. Let the West exalt the heroism of revolt. Here is a new virtue of passive rectitude. There is only one note of tragedy in the tale. It is not the premature death. It is not the bloody beheading. It is the brutal, the uncompensated wrong, which befell these martyrs as they died. They had written twenty pages of a valedictory message, and the Boxers tore it up. The kingdom of words has also its sorrows.

#### A FARMER'S LIBRARY.

THE man of the village who is digging up a few rods of turf to make a new garden, pauses in the midst of chopping an aromatic "spit" that he has just turned. He stoops and shreds out from the roots of the old grass a big red-headed white grub. "Now that be a vunny looking varmint," he says. "I'll ax Varmer what un is." The notion of an entomological farmer strikes us as somewhat new, and we are impelled to ask Giles how it is that this new master of his comes to be that refuge in time of doubt which in the days of our youth was usually found at the vicarage. The inquiry presents to our view the new roots of agriculture in this country, no less surprising than the roots of the level turf that Giles is turning upside-down with his revolutionary spade. "When Varmer don't know," he says, "he do write to the Board of Agriculture, and they do tell'n what anything be. More'n that, he ha' got hundreds and hundreds of little printed papers the Board have sent him, all about worms, and blight, and canker, and ship-dip, and ringworm, and warbles, and what the rooks do ate, and all manner of things. Parson calls it Varmer's encyclopædia, and zays that do mean his inquire within on everything."

The leaflets of the Board of Agriculture, in fact, now number a hundred and thirty-eight. Whoever writes to the Board asking about some new phenomenon on the farm, or for the best treatment of some new crop, is pretty certain to get one of them back, telling him just what he wants. Furthermore, the leaflets are bound up in two volumes for the extremely modest price of sixpence each, or in twelve penny numbers, each devoted to some general farm subject, such as insect pests or dairying, or foods and manures, so that whichever be the form of publication chosen, Farmer's encyclopædia only costs him a shilling. It contains a world of information, not to say of natural history romance, that was little known to most of the farmers of the last generation.

Perhaps there is no insect that has introduced more farmers to their Minister of Agriculture at Whitehall than the Colorado beetle. Thirty years ago its expected arrival in England threw the country into a ferment comparable with the fear of an invasion by Bonaparte. Handbills described the new criminal with portrait, and every beetle with anything like stripes on its elytra was suspect. In the re-written leaflet 71, little trace of this anxious time is left. We are, in fact, told that the scourge paid us another visit in more recent years, and that nothing came of it. In 1901 a Colorado colony was found in the allotments at Tilbury, our faithful guardian, the lady-bird, being also found there busily eating the eggs as fast as they were laid. So much for the terror that, in 1850, arrived in the Western States, by 1859 had reached Nebraska, in 1865 crossed the Mississippi (like any Napoleon crossing the Alps), passed through Ontario, reached the Atlantic, and prepared to invade Europe.

The penny volume dealing with insect pests is a large one, containing twenty leaflets, all of them illustrated. There are, for example, the life stories of the chafer beetles, of which the greatest is the May beetle, four years underground and, therefore, likely at any time to take the world by surprise by appearing as a long bottled-up portent. Chafer years are now few and far between, though three years ago the writer saw the garden chafer in very large numbers. In parts of France it is essential that the farmers of a district should combine and wage active war on the beetles or the grubs. That is probably because they have first individually killed, and cooked and eaten, the rooks, starlings, plovers and other birds engaged by nature to keep the grubs in check. In scientific Germany, they hope to infect the chafer grubs with "fungoid diseases" by turning down larvæ that have been artificially inoculated, a form of scientific sport that has not yet met with the beginnings of success.

The generous flood of official information must tend to check independent investigation on the part of the farmer into affairs which are, of course, particularly vital to himself. The clues followed by the indefatigable



Miss Ormerod and her successors are, however, so minute that the busy farmer could scarcely be expected to follow them. He has been wont more or less to get "top-sides" with the enemy by sheer empiricism. We wonder whether any shepherd ever investigated the romantic but abominable history of the "gid" or "sturdy," which was not told by the Board of Agriculture until leaflet No. 119 was reached. Opening the head of a dead sheep, Abel may find a swelling composed of a bag of colorless fluid. Not even a maggot, just an ovine boil. What matter if Watch should lick the offal or even make a meal of it, so long as nothing happens to Watch. If the dog develops tape-worm some time after, well, it comes from the sky, like small-pox and other matters. But in reality the dog's tape-worm is the gid's method of producing eggs that shall be laid upon the pasture and washed into the pools for the destruction of other sheep. It is said on the Wiltshire downs that a blow on the head with a stick will break the cyst of the gid and thus save the sheep's life. The cautious Board recommends in the case of sheep above butcher's value an operation of similar import, but "of such a delicate nature as to demand the services of a veterinary surgeon."

The flockmaster who will accept with enlightenment the official version of gid, disputes vigorously its finding on the question of ox warbles. Two warble flies are implicated which, though the Board says it not, are so nearly similar that it is an open question whether the specimens at South Kensington have been accurately distributed in their two columns. Miss Ormerod said that the warble fly laid its eggs on the back and that the larva pierced the skin and at once found the habitation so well known to all cattlemen. That, says the Board, may be true of *Hypoderma bovis*, but it contends that most of the damage is done by *H. lineata*, known in America as the heel fly. This fly lays its eggs on the hairs of the heel, from which the animal licks them into the stomach, whence the maggot travels through the flesh to its abiding-place under the skin of the back. The third theory is the farmer's, who says that the fly actually pierces the skin of the back and lays its eggs within. The grazier accordingly smears the backs of his cattle with a dressing which, he says, keeps off the attacks of the fly. The holders of the intestinal theory say that perhaps the dressing runs down the legs and there does its work, or by stopping the breathing holes of the grub under the skin, suffocates it. Whatever be the steps in the procedure, the sad fact remains that thousands and tens of thousands of pounds' worth of damage is annually done by the warbling of hides and the spoiling of butcher's meat beneath them.

The plain fact in favor of the farmer's theory is that, when the warble fly is about, the cattle stampede from its buzz with extreme terror. If the insect only comes to lay a few eggs on the hair of the feet, what reason is there for this break-neck scampering? It seems to suppose a knowledge in the animal of every stage in the malady, and argues for longer sight than would make a child fly screaming from his first unripe plum because of the stomach-ache that may follow closer acquaintance. If the mere buzz frightens (though there is no appreciated evil to follow), how comes it that a fly of such gentle methods should cultivate so warning a buzz? The beast does not flee from the starling, whose wings are far noisier, and which may, for aught he knows, do more harm than the mere settling on a hair of the foot. Here is reflective food for the farmer as he sits and smokes his pipe over his shilling encyclopædia.

The library is no more useful for the number of pests on which it raises hue and cry than in the confirmation of ancient friendships. The sparrow is not among the latter unless his numbers are moderate. Even the young sparrows eat more grain than caterpillars, and the grain chosen is usually that belonging to man. But the finches and buntings are better birds, and must not be destroyed or paid for by the sparrow club. And whoever feels that he may have been unjust to any owl, weasel, sparrow-hawk, or some other, let him diligently read Leaflet No. 6 on "Voles and their Natural Enemies."

## The Drama.

### "GRACE."

An American critic, who had known intimately that most prolific and most popular of American playwrights, the late Clyde Fitch, was discussing him with me the other day. "Poor Fitch!" he said. "No one knew better than he the flimsiness, the superficiality of a great part of his work. He had never attained the power of concentration. He always had two or three plays in hand at the same time; and the keen demand for his work tempted him to exploit, instead of curbing, his natural fluency and facility. But he realised quite well that he was not doing justice to the best that was in him. He said to me, only a few months before his death, 'I have made more money now than I know what to do with, and for the future I'm going to let up. I won't on any account do more than one play a year, and I'll put the best that I know into it.' Poor fellow, that was just before he started on his last trip to Europe. He caught a chill at an aviation meeting, and died of appendicitis. I don't know whether he would ever have learnt to concentrate, but it is a pity he did not have the chance of trying."

Mr. Somerset Maugham is the English Clyde Fitch, and I trust that the moral of this anecdote will not be lost upon him. His talent is, I think, solidier than Mr. Fitch's; he does not place so much reliance on mere mechanical trickery. He does not go so flagrantly wrong as Mr. Fitch was apt to do, but, as a rule, he is almost as far from being profoundly and convincingly right. He is, I think, on the up grade: his new play, with all its inequalities, has more stuff in it than anything he has hitherto done. But, if he wants to leave a permanent mark in dramatic history, he must learn to apply a much higher pressure of thought to the square inch than he has yet achieved. And let him not delay too long. It is not only at Rheims or Chalons that the black-winged aviator is abroad who cut short the lightly-sketched scenario of poor Clyde Fitch's career.

To the formula of "Grace" there is nothing to object. It is a psychological or sentimental "case" set in the midst of, and closely interwoven with, a study of social manners and prejudices. In both aspects it is a spirited, fairly specious performance. As things go, it deserves to succeed; and I heartily hope it may, if only by reason of Miss Irene Vanbrugh's admirable performance of the heroine. But whatever its temporary success, it can take no permanent place in dramatic literature; for the social picture is a shallow caricature, and the individual case, though ably worked out, is far too superficially presented to take any hold upon our interest or sympathy. The carelessness of the social picture reacts upon the heroine's character, making it to a large extent incomprehensible and incredible. Mr. Maugham seems to have overlooked the fact that the crux of his problem lay not in Grace, but in her husband, in Claude Insole. Grace is a simple variant of a common type. The fundamentals of her character are easy to present and to understand. The interest of the play lies in her peculiar, her almost paradoxical, relation to Claude; and if Claude remains unreal to us, the whole construction becomes unstable, like a broken arch. Therefore Claude and his environment ought to have been studied with the utmost care, instead of being faintly outlined at best, and at worst grossly caricatured.

In his Insole family, Mr. Maugham had a fine opportunity for a delicate and searching study of the territorial—or, since that term is now ambiguous, let us call it the squirearchical—spirit. To say that no such family survives is to say what is untrue. There are plenty of representatives of the "landed interest" who live, intellectually and spiritually, in the eighteenth century, and regard their own age with a shocked and protesting incredulity. Claude Insole is one of these. He has, perhaps, not wandered so far into abstract speculation as to have any definite views on the divine right



of kings; but as to the divine right of squires no impious doubt has ever crossed his mind. His political, his social, nay, his religious creed may be summed up in the old couplet—

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside——"

or, as he reads it, Insole shall be Insole of Kenyon-Fulton. He shall be the king and priest of his household, the providence of his tenants and dependents—a terror to evil-doers and a praise to such as do well. The sense that his privileges are threatened—nay, are sacrilegiously impaired—makes him all the more scrupulous in the exercise of the corresponding duties, as he understands them. For he is, in his way, quite a good fellow; only he lives in blinkers, and has no more sense of the mundane movement than the seventeenth-century sundial on his lawn.

This is the type Mr. Maugham has sketched in Claude Insole; and he has had the happy idea (very imperfectly carried out, however) of placing beside the Squire his Parson brother, the incumbent of the family living—a little more humorous than the head of the family, a little more sceptical, but no more capable of rebellion against the Insole tradition. So far good; but unfortunately Mr. Maugham has provided the two brothers with a mother who brings the whole picture out of key, so extravagantly is she drawn, and so crudely colored. One recognises the type she is supposed to represent, but it is exaggerated to the pitch of the impossible, and may almost be said to devastate the play. We find it so impossible to believe in old Mrs. Insole that our disbelief extends to everyone connected with her.

Well, into this family a clever middle-class girl has married; and for ten years she has been bored to extinction by the monotonous round of country life, and irritated by the sense that "the county" looks upon her as an interloper. This "ten years" is, I think, a mistake. The strain of such a situation must have reached the snapping point much earlier. It is impossible that Claude Insole's adoration for his wife should so long have survived her unconcealed contempt for him and all that he represents and holds sacred. Here we have one of those defects of adjustment which, small in themselves, combine in the aggregate to give an air of superficiality to Mr. Maugham's work. Another and more important breach of plausibility may be found in the character of the lover in whom Grace has for a moment dreamt of finding a refuge from the sheer exasperation of ennui. We see Mr. Henry Cobbet only in the light of her bitter disillusionment; but we find it impossible to imagine how there could ever have been any illusion, and how Grace could ever have endured for a moment so squalid a relationship. Thus the situation stands at the beginning of the play: acceptable enough in its essentials, but, in its details, hastily and carelessly thought out.

It matters little how the crisis is brought about. The method Mr. Maugham has chosen is as good as another. Suffice it to say that three factors combine to cause a sudden and complete revulsion of feeling in Grace's soul. In the first place, just as she realises the degradation into which she has fallen, she also realises the depth and fervor of the idealising worship with which Claude surrounds her. In the second place, she learns that another woman of Claude's own caste and set has all her life loved Claude passionately, and, for the sake of that love, is passing unwedded into middle age. The new light which this revelation sheds around Claude in Grace's eyes is not without its subtlety. In the third place, a tragic incident, growing out of Claude's tyrannical management of his estate, shows her that his tyranny is, at any rate, not that of cowardice, but is partly redeemed by unflinching nerve and resolution. The upshot is that, all in a moment, she awakens to the fact that she loves her husband. The happiness which, for all these years, she has missed, is now within her grasp—just as she has forfeited it for ever. This paradox of sentiment is ingeniously conceived, and by no means impossible. If only Claude were a more real man,

we should have no difficulty in recognising Grace as a real woman.

But is her happiness, though irrevocably flawed, really forfeited for ever? Must she ruin Claude's life as well as her own? May not her duty rather lie in making the best of a bad business, and trying to be to her husband in the future what he has imagined her to be in the past? That is the question which is thrashed out in the last act, with a good deal of ability, both intellectual and dramatic. The conventional theory of confession and expiation is championed by the parson brother-in-law, the opposite view by the lady before mentioned, whose love for Claude has been the tragedy of her life. In my judgment, this act is the best thing Mr. Maugham has as yet done. He has successfully grappled with the essential difficulty of the scene—that of making us feel that, in keeping silence, Grace is not simply following the line of least resistance, but is putting a painful constraint on herself, and bracing herself up to something very like a sacrifice. There are some excellent touches of insight in the scene. It took a real dramatist to write the line: "I am jealous of the woman he loves, who isn't me." Nor can I find it in my heart to sneer at the business of the letter which keeps our curiosity agog to the close. It is not a great invention; it does not matter much one way or the other; but, in itself, it is perfectly natural, and I cannot understand the technical austerity, not to say pedantry, which would banish from the stage "tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's performance of Grace is little, if at all, behind her performance in "Mid-Channel." It is full of exquisite subtleties, both of technique and of feeling. If you want to hear a phrase spoken to perfection, note the point in the last act where Grace says to her brother-in-law: "I think you've made it a little easier for me, Archibald—kind of you." Lady Tree, as old Mrs. Insole, strikes into a new line with brilliant success. The part, no doubt, is the chief blot on the play, but the fault does not at all lie with the actress. Miss Lillah McCarthy's strong sense of character is most valuable in the part of Miss Vernon of Foley. Mr. Denis Eadie plays Claude with admirable skill, but I wonder whether he is quite the man for the part? Mr. Arthur Wontner as Mr. Cobbet, on the other hand, is almost too much the man for the part; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn is excellent as ever in a subordinate character.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Present-Day Problems.

### STRIKE-BREAKING BY GOVERNMENT.

THE French railway strike having collapsed within four days of its inception, it is too late for polemics as to the course which should be taken to cope with it: whether might be right or not, might has triumphed, but it is not too late to ask ourselves whether the action of the French Government is susceptible of becoming a model for Ministries which desire to be at once strong and just. M. Briand's device was not of his own invention, for mobilisation has been successfully applied in Italy and, in fact, appears to be at present the most powerful instrument the strikebreaker can dispose of. This may commend it to some, but not to progressives in general; they can no more accept it blindly than they can accept the exceedingly effective dum dum bullet. The new device is interesting because governments have hitherto been chary of intervening in industrial disputes, no doubt because they stood to gain little and lose much, whatever the result; a broken strike inevitably meant lost votes, whilst a failure meant discredit and, possibly, the loss of office. Now, however, a great Western state has given us an example of what an Executive can do when pressed.

It is open to question whether a government is entitled to take sides in an industrial dispute. Its interests are so intimately bound up with the maintenance of the *status quo*, i.e., in this case the breaking of the

strike, that its intervention is necessarily suspect. When this intervention is open, as it has lately been, the State tends automatically to support masters against men because the latter are likely to be weak; the State tends to crush the weak because this is the easiest way of restoring social order. This will be obvious if we assume that instead of a railway strike we have a railway lock-out. The causes of the dispute do not matter, as it is conceded by most authorities that the French strikers were rightly protesting against a minimum wage of a pound a week. Assuming, therefore, the lock-out to be perfectly justified, it is hardly possible to imagine the French Government summoning to the colors all directors, superintendents, &c., whose years were less than forty-five. What would be its attitude towards the "criminal revolutionaries" to whose care shareholders had rashly entrusted their fortunes? Obviously the Government would not take action. It might press forward mediation, but more it could not do. It is not armed against masters as it is against men; the trusts which have grown up in France behind the tariff wall are evidence of this. In spite of the law against "accaparement," petroleum, paper, flour milling, and to some extent sugar, are securely controlled by combines in presence of which the State is supine or powerless.

The position of the Government becomes still more difficult when it is an employer, as is the case in France on the Western and Bordeaux lines. Here is another complication, for the State has not only to war in defence of the common weal, but also of Exchequer receipts. The usual means of action, namely the use of blackleg labor, are obviously open to it, but exceptional methods, such as mobilisation, the arrest of leaders, &c., savor overmuch of tyranny. The State constitutes itself both judge and party, indeed policeman and bailiff too. Yet M. Briand did not hesitate to enrol the social forces to impose his will; he used public power for the defence of the State's private interests. This may seem a shadowy distinction, but if we are to accept that an industry controlled by the State is *ipso facto* privileged and immune from attacks to which private enterprise is exposed, then we are in truth nearing the ideal of the "servile state." At the root of this point of view is a denial of the right to strike.

The position of Government employees is somewhat anomalous in this regard. It is only with difficulty that their unions obtain access to the chief officials; even in England, where trade unions are organised and peaceful, lengthy negotiations took place before Mr. Sydney Buxton agreed to meet the post office employees. In France, on the other hand, towards which we have so often looked for democratic examples, M. Barthou's declaration still holds good. This Minister has stated that the right to strike was undeniable, while the two Governments to which he has belonged since this declaration have up to now implicitly accepted the principle he enounced; there was no talk last year of mobilising the postmen, though their action gravely inconvenienced the community.

It is allowable, then, to conclude that no Government is ethically entitled to put on its employees any pressure that may not be applied by a private individual; if it decides to face the rough and tumble of competitive industry it must be ready for a fall. But that which it may not do itself, may it assist others to do? This is a more delicate point, but the broad principles of democracy supply the answer. If the State sets up a standard, it is bound to see that it be respected; it cannot allow private morality to be lower than public morality; thus it may do nothing and abet no act which is in any way unfair, taking sides in an industrial dispute being of course unfair, given that the prosperity of the State depends as much on the labor of the men as on that of the masters.

The duty of the State being defined by prohibitive rules, we must ask ourselves whether it may play any part at all in an industrial conflict. Obviously the Government must be carried on, which cannot be done if one of the principal industries is paralysed. Ministers cannot, in presence of these facts, sit with folded hands awaiting a natural solution; roughly speaking, it can

be said that the Government must not intervene like a Pinkerton's man, but only when it is proved that its intervention is essential. We can imagine circumstances when this intervention could not long be deferred, such as, for instance, a combined strike of bakers, butchers, and railwaymen. A strike such as this is feasible and demands an immediate solution, for it compromises the very life of the community; but abstract justice must dominate even famine, and, great as the temptation of a strong government may be, its plain duty is not repressive but mediatorial.

In mediation lies the only rôle a Government can properly play. Its first attempts should be friendly, *i.e.*, it should bring together the parties to the dispute and attempt to effect a settlement. This involves, of course, a recognition of the men's organisation by the masters, for personal conferences alone can solve vexed wage questions, while the case for collective bargaining is to-day so well established that objecting masters at once prejudice their case. Should no result follow on the conference, then at last the State can exert its strength; it must exert it, not in favor of a particular side, as was done by M. Briand, but primarily in the interests of peace. If the State can compel the obedience of a hundred thousand men, compel them, in fact, to surrender *à merci*, it can impose an *eirenicon*. Briefly, on the failure of the conference, it has power to split differences, to lay down terms under which both parties give way and both parties gain; none can then quarrel with its action, for its powers will have been exerted in favor not of war but peace.

It is when we come to consider consequences that we realise how guarded must be a Government when it wishes to settle a strike. If the State supports a particular side, it suffers equally whether it loses or wins; if its action is sterile and it does not succeed in curbing the unruly it is at once branded as ineffective, it loses its status and is likely to be driven from office within a short time; if, on the other hand, it wins and breaks the strike, its future is equally gloomy. The breaking of a strike does not mean its settlement. Based on grievances, it lives in the minds of strikers as a frustrated intention, a thing perilously akin to an ideal, until those grievances are removed; you cannot, said Mr. Chamberlain, stop a storm by sitting on the barometer. This is true of political revolutions such as those which France has often undergone, revolutions which broke out again and again in the course of the nineteenth century in spite of the State and its bayonets. This is true also of industrial movements, for these have taken the place of political revolutions and bid fair to occupy us more and more. The movements of peoples are largely subject to the laws which govern individuals; as it is notorious that a man with a grievance is a useless being, what are we to hope from a nation where an entire industry, a group of industries, suffer under a sense of wrong? We are told in the present case that M. Briand proposes to press forward reform. In this course lies the only possible means of salvation; it is to be hoped that he will be willing to unsheathe the sword in the interests of industrial peace, for otherwise he will lay himself open to the charge of offering mere lip service to the democracy he was elected to defend.

W. L. GEORGE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### A NEW PREACHING ORDER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From letters which I receive from time to time it is evident that among the readers of your brilliantly conducted paper are some who have a special interest in Liberal Christianity. I therefore write to beg a little space in your columns for the purpose of drawing attention to a new work that is being attempted under the auspices of the



Liberal Christian League, which I feel sure will command a considerable measure of sympathy and support. Briefly, it is this. Granted, as we all know, that only about one-fifth of the community in this country regularly attends religious worship, it seems somewhat strange that no organised effort is being put forth on anything like a large scale to make a religious appeal to the remaining four-fifths on more liberal lines than those usually adopted. The evangelising agencies which exist are mostly—I use the word in no offensive sense—what is commonly called narrowly orthodox. Of these the Salvation Army is probably the most important and successful, but it may be questioned whether that success is now due to its specifically religious appeal: it was so at first, but I think it is fair to say it is not so now. Whatever power it possesses to-day is due mainly to its philanthropic activity. The same is true of practically all the evangelisation which is being undertaken to-day by the various religious bodies which work on traditional lines. The hearing they secure is from a very limited constituency, the bulk of the non-church-going public remaining untouched. Whatever the brand of orthodoxy advocated, the result is the same. Catholic, Anglo-Catholic, Evangelical, are all alike in at least one thing: they have to admit that the major portion of the British public is outside their range of influence. They are all doing magnificent work, each in its own sphere. Never were the churches so energetic, so earnestly desirous of justifying their existence, as at the present moment. But somehow they are failing to get hold of more than a comparatively small section of the great masses of the people who are outside the churches.

What does this betoken? Is it that the civilised world is growing less religious? I know that that statement is often made, but I do not believe it. It is inconceivable to me that humanity in the main should ever cease to be religious, for religion is simply the response of the heart to the drawing of that which is above time and sense, and we are all so constituted as to be susceptible to that in some degree, however fitful and small. Why is it, then, that people will not listen, or the majority do not seem to care to listen, to the appeal of the ordinary evangelist? There is good ground for believing that the form in which the Christian evangel is usually presented is not one that appeals strongly to the intelligence of the listener. I make this statement with some hesitation, for I am far from wishing to cast a slur on the earnest and self-sacrificing work that is being done by evangelists and open-air preachers in this country and other countries at the present time. But it is no use blinking facts, and one glaring fact is that the evangelism which is being done under Christian auspices is mostly of one type—a type which everybody recognises at once, and which fails to impress the ordinary listener, because it certainly does not accord with the facts of life as he knows them.

At any rate, there is room, unquestionably, for evangelising work of another order. Recognising this, the Liberal Christian League has instituted a corps of evangelists known as Pioneer Preachers. At present all these are young men. They live in community in a hostel under rule, and are sent out to conduct missions in various localities. They receive no inducement to engage in this work other than the nature of the work itself; they have a simple maintenance guaranteed to them, with provision against sickness or disablement, and that is all. It will be evident to your readers that men who will serve under such conditions are men who are in dead earnest, and have the root of the matter in them. So far, their efforts have been very successful. I note, for instance, that a writer in the "Tatler" (I think it was) some time ago paid them the compliment of saying that of all the open-air preachers in Hyde Park they were by far the best, and aroused the most interest in their hearers.

The system under which they work is as follows: Two months out of every three are spent in the mission field by each individual preacher. They usually go out by two and two instead of singly, as it is felt to be an advantage that in work of such a special character, where there will be often little or no local support, there should be some sense of comradeship to draw upon. We may not always adhere to this, but it is working well at present. The third month of every quarter is spent in the hostel for purposes

of study and refreshment of body and soul, and it is not expected that during that period the preachers should engage in any form of outside service. One conspicuous defect of most of the conventional evangelism of the day is that those who engage in it have little or no opportunity for study and quiet thought. We are proceeding on a different system. Our preachers are students as well as preachers, and such they will remain as long as they are members of the Order. They wear a student's habit, by which, probably, they will be known to the general public before long. Their student life is under charge of a warden, who not only gives them systematic instruction himself, but advises them as to the best lectures to attend and the best books to read, in connection with our Central Training Institute at the King's Weigh House, Thomas Street, Grosvenor Square, W. This Institute, which is for the training of preachers, teachers, and social workers, has its curriculum so arranged as to fit in with the needs of the Pioneer Preachers. I think I am justified in saying that this provision for the continued and careful instruction of our evangelists is an exceptionally valuable one, the results of which should be felt in the quality of their work as time goes on.

Up to the present we have six residents in the hostel, though several others have applied to enter upon probation, and are to be admitted shortly. There has been no lack of applications since the time the scheme was first announced, but great care has been taken to weed out the unfit. There is a commendably high spiritual tone among those now enrolled. Three months of probation are required from every applicant accepted on trial. Not all of that time need be spent in the hostel, for it is usually inconvenient, as well as undesirable, for a young man to give up his employment without knowing whether he is making a right choice in entering upon the difficult and onerous work of preaching. If funds permit, it is intended, later on, to start a married corps, into which our young men may be drafted individually if and when, as is but natural, they should wish to undertake domestic responsibilities. The suggestion is also being strongly put forward that properly qualified women preachers should be enrolled under conditions similar to those of the men. Whether these developments will take place or not will depend entirely upon the measure of support which we receive from the general public.

We shall be glad to receive inquiries and offers of help concerning this work. Such inquiries should be addressed to the General Secretary of the Liberal Christian League at the King's Weigh House, as above. As the work is at present under my own superintendence, I should also be glad to furnish information concerning it to sympathisers who may be willing to help us. It is a good work; no more necessary work, or more promising, is being attempted under religious auspices to-day, and we therefore earnestly ask for the co-operation and support of all persons of liberal religious views under whose notice it may come.—Yours, &c.,

R. J. CAMPBELL.

King's Weigh House, Thomas Street, Grosvenor Square, October 13th, 1910.

## THE METRIC SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You have had the usual exasperating letter demanding the establishment of the decimal metric system from a novice; and you have also had the unusual but valuable and entirely sound setting-right of the novice by an expert, Mr. Alfred Watkins. May I now take up the discussion at the point to which Mr. Watkins has brought it. That point is, that in any practical metric system we must count, not in tens, but in fours or multiples of four. He suggests eights or sixteens. If we take eights, our figure notation would be 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, &c., &c.; and a boy asking a greengrocer for 20 apples would be handed what we call 16. If we take sixteens, we shall have to write 16 as 10, and rename all the numbers from our 10 to our 15—thus, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, v, g, o, q, j, a, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 1v, 1q, 1o, 1d, 1g, 1j, 20, 21, &c. Now the introduction of six new and unfamiliar digits is a large order; yet if we therefore reject



sixteens and fall back on eights, we avoid, it is true, any new digits, but we run into three figures at our 80 instead of at our 100, into four figures at our 800, and so on, which is incompedious. Besides, as I shall shew presently, the complete avoidance of new digits is a mistake. The best plan, and the most familiar one, is to count by twelves and introduce two new digits. Call them, for illustration's sake, tee and ee, and note them as  $\mathcal{T}$  and  $\mathcal{E}$ . Then you count one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, tee (our 10), ee (our 11), ten (our 12), eleven (our 13), twelve (our 14), thirteen (our 15), fourteen (our 16), fifteen (our 17), sixteen (our 18), seventeen (our 19), eighteen (our 20), nineteen (our 21), tee-teen (our 22), eeteen (our 23), and twenty (our 24). You would, of course, recast your multiplication tables and pence tables, and so forth, accordingly. When the boy asks for ten apples he will get what we call twelve; and when the green-grocer buys a hundred he will get what we call a gross (144). The notation will be just as convenient as that of the decimal metric system: thirty-four pence will be three and fourpence, and percentages will be calculated by a simple shift of the duodecimal point. And you will be able without fractions, not only to halve and quarter your standard quantities and coins, but to third them, which is often very convenient. You cannot do this with eight or sixteen.

The introduction of the two new digits would have the important advantage of making the new arithmetic unmistakable for the old. If a column of figures represented a new system without any visible new characteristic, its appearance would be simply that of the old system, with the sum wrong, just as all those proposals for simplified spelling which avoid new letters break down because they produce the effect of ludicrous misspelling in the manner of Artemus Ward or Mr. Dooley. The new system should proclaim itself emphatically to the eye of the generation which would have to struggle through the confusion of the change, and to resist the impulse to write to *The Times* complaining that a Liberal Postmaster-General was charging one and fivepence for fifteen penny stamps.

Mr. Watkins is entirely right in his contention that the decimal system is psychologically repugnant as well as physically inconvenient. Give a cabman eighteenpence, and he thanks you for having given him more than a shilling. Give him a florin for the same ride, and he despises you as no gentleman, because you have filched sixpence from his half-crown. The double florin has perished because it was nothing but a spurious five-shilling piece. If instead of these detested coins a silver six-and-eightpence had been introduced, it would probably have been as great a success with the general public as with solicitors.

The original mistake we made was in not evolving six digits on our hands and feet. When we had to count up to ten, we counted on our fingers. Even up to twenty we could count the second ten on our toes. But beyond that we had to make a mark somewhere to show how many times we had counted ten; and that led us to a decimal notation. Had we had six digits on each hand we should have made our notation duodecimal. As it was, we made it decimal; but the practical need for quartering quantities led us to a duodecimal market practice. The French have attempted to alter the duodecimal practice to suit the decimal notation, but without real success. The right way is to alter the notation to suit the practice. No doubt we are too stupid and lazy to do it; but at all events, we had better know what we ought to do, lest we be landed at last in all the trouble, cost, and confusion of a change, only to find that we have changed to the wrong thing after all.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

P.S.—Those who find the above figures puzzling must bear in mind that the figure 10 does not, like the lower figures, denote a fixed quantity, but simply one batch, no matter how many units the batch contains. 11 means one batch plus one, 12 one batch plus two, and so on. The fact that we keep accounts by batches containing as many units as we have fingers and thumbs leads us to associate the figure 10 with that quantity; but it is applicable to any quantity we may choose to count by. If we counted by threes we should write 1, 2, 10, 11, 12, 20, 21, 22, 30, &c.; and a family of 21 children would be what we call a family of 7.

October 18th, 1910.

#### To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is astonishing that none of your correspondents on the metric system have said a word about a proper duodecimal or dozen system.

Mr. Watkins's remarks upon the stupidity of any decimal system are excellent, but one might go further.

Not only is the decimal system inconvenient for dividing by 2 and by 2 and by 2 again, but its hopeless clumsiness in the case of the next commonest fraction after  $\frac{1}{2}$ —namely,  $\frac{1}{3}$ —makes one wonder that an intelligent people could ever adopt it. A numerical system which has to represent the second commonest division of number by  $\cdot 3333333333$ , *ad infinitum*, is at best a poor makeshift.

The savage counts in tens because he has ten fingers, but directly man's intelligence awakes he counts by the dozen and the gross.

Using for the moment the old symbols 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, we compare the three systems:—

Vulgar Fractions.		Decimal Fractions.		Duodecimal Fractions.
$\frac{1}{2}$	=	$\cdot 5$	=	$\cdot 6$
$\frac{1}{3}$	=	$\cdot 33333 \&c.$	=	$\cdot 4$
$\frac{1}{4}$	=	$\cdot 25$	=	$\cdot 3$
$\frac{1}{6}$	=	$\cdot 125$	=	$\cdot 16^*$
$\frac{1}{12}$	=	$\cdot 0625$	=	$\cdot 09\dagger$

Of course, a new set of symbols would be almost imperative, or the confusion between the old and the new would be too great in practice.

The duodecimal or dozen system has almost the full advantage of the octave system, with regard to dichotomy, which Mr. Watkins points out, only two figures being necessary to express even 1-16; and its infinite superiority to any other system whatever, with regard to  $\frac{1}{3}$ , will easily put all others into the shade, when every element is taken into consideration.

It has many other advantages, frequently pointed out by mathematicians, which can hardly be discussed in a letter.

We already use the shilling, the foot, and the Troy pound. A twelve-shilling gold piece would be necessary, and a unit of weight equal to that of a cubic foot of water would be an advantage.—Yours, &c.,

I. B. STOUGHTON HOLBOEN.

1, Mayfield Terrace, Edinburgh,  
October 16th, 1910.

#### THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT.

##### To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Somervell's suggestion of a new means of escape from possible disastrous results of the Osborne judgment, whether new or not, is certainly ingenious, but, I venture to think, unsound.

Let us quote his own words. "Members of trade unions subscribe certain sums annually for political purposes. Let it be ascertained by ballot how many members wish to support the Unionist, Liberal, and Labor parties; and let the money be divided in proportion. The Unionist and Liberal monies might go to supporting working-men candidates, or to the ordinary party funds, as appeared most convenient."

Such reform as this is what Bismarck used to call "papering over the cracks." Cracks no doubt are ugly things. But if there are cracks, it is best in the long run that we should keep them visible. In plain words, such a reform would tend to delay the grand and essential reform, payment of members, whatever their party, by the State. The two million working-class voters added to the registers by the Act of 1885 have only lately begun to find their feet. They are now declaring with no uncertain voice that they wish to return to Parliament a fairly large number of men, who cannot undertake the work of an M.P. without a salary. Until the State enables the electorate to send to Parliament working-men candidates whenever it wants to, and to send them without "paying extra" for it, democratic representative government will be a mockery.

This alone would, I think, condemn Mr. Somervell's scheme. But other points can be made against it. In effect, it substitutes for State payment of members a tax, the proceeds of which will be devoted to Parliamentary

\* 6 here of course =  $\frac{1}{12}$  of unit.

† 9 here of course =  $\frac{1}{12}$  of unit.

expenses, levied solely on the working-classes—a unique tax, surely, in this era of Liberal finance!

As for the Osborne judgment itself, I welcome it. The financial position of the Labor Party during recent years has involved not merely an injustice to the Conservative member of a trade union. It has been injurious to the position of the working man in the House of Commons. Doubtless every member of the House of Commons, whether landowner, lawyer, or working man, represents his class in so far as he brings with him to every question the inevitable prepossessions which his course of life has ingrained in him. But so far the working-man member has been something more than this. He has been the paid mouthpiece of an organisation representing a particular policy. He is paid to profess certain opinions. Only when he is paid by the State simply as a member of Parliament, and no longer by trade unions as a "Labor vote," will his position be unassailable by criticism such as that of Mr. Balfour's Edinburgh speech.

—Yours, &c.,

DAVID CHURCHILL.

October 19th, 1910.

## THE FRENCH ARMY AND STRIKE-BREAKING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The railway strike in France seems to have got upon the nerves of some Liberal papers, not to speak of Unionist. I am glad to see that *THE NATION* has not joined in the chorus of praise with which the methods of M. Briand, in dealing with the strike, have been received in this country.

One thing, however, is quite certain. If the English workers can be made to understand that compulsory military service, once established, may be used for the purpose of breaking up strikes, and industrial freedom cancelled by mobilisation orders, the propaganda of the National Service League may as well be abandoned. The English organised workers are not fools, and will scarcely be insane enough to place industrial liberty at the mercy of military law.

Without entering into the merits of this French strike, it is difficult to see how Liberals, on political or tactical grounds, can approve of the frank methods of tyranny adopted by the Government of M. Aristide Briand.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH.

167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster,  
London, S.W., October 17th, 1910.

## LIBERALISM AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the City Temple makes it clearer than ever that the policy by which the New Liberalism means to solve the poverty problem is to tax the rich to enable the poor to multiply comfortably and freely. When the idle rich and the industrious rich have been taxed out of existence, who are to pay for the education, unemployment-wages, and pensions of an annually increasing proletariat? Obviously, then, this can only be a temporary remedy. Nevertheless, it might be justified on the two following grounds: (1) we are still shying-off teaching the people that in an individualistic State poverty (since poverty is simply local over-population) can only be prevented by holding the individual entirely responsible for his own maintenance and that of any children he may beget; (2) possibly our national safety requires a larger population.—Yours, &c.,

OLD-FASHIONED LIBERAL.

October 18th, 1910.

## CHRISTIAN POPULAR POETRY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—On June 25th last you published a letter of mine quoting a translation of an ancient Irish prayer. In view of the recent and lamented death of the Dean of Lincoln, the Very Reverend E. C. Wickham, it might be of interest to republish the verses along with a suggestion of the late Dean's, which I should much like to see taken up. The Dean's letter was as follows:—

"The Deanery, Lincoln, June 25th, 1910.

"DEAR SIR,—I am greatly struck with what I venture to think is a very great hymn which appears over your name in *THE NATION* to-day. It will be a kindness if you will tell me

something of its history. It deserves to be set to fine music and widely used.

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"E. C. WICKHAM."

—Yours, &c.,

ROY GILL.

19, Herbert Street, Dublin,  
October 17th, 1910.

[These are the verses to which our correspondent refers:—

"I offer Thee—  
Every flower that ever grew,  
Every bird that ever flew,  
Every wind that ever blew,  
Good God!  
Every thunder rolling,  
Every church bell tolling,  
Every leaf and sod,  
Laudamus Te!

"I offer Thee—  
Every wave that ever moved,  
Every heart that ever loved,  
Thee, Thy Father's well-beloved,  
Dear Lord!  
Every river dashing,  
Every lightning flashing,  
Like an angel's sword,  
Benedicimus Te!

"I offer Thee—  
Every cloud that ever swept  
O'er the skies, and broke and wept  
In rain, and with the flowerets slept,  
My King!  
Each communicant praying,  
Every angel staying  
Before Thy Throne to sing!  
Adoramus Te!

"I offer Thee—  
Every flake of virgin snow,  
Every spring the earth below,  
Every human joy and woe,  
My Love!  
O Lord! and all Thy Glorious  
Self, o'er death victorious,  
Throned in Heaven above,  
Glorificamus Te!"]

## QUEER CHRISTIAN NAMES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The very interesting essay which you publish in your issue of the 1st inst., while it traces the origin of Christian (and Pagan) names, does not take cognisance of the desire not only to perpetuate the name of a child's forbears, but to keep alive the recollection of some, it may be, historic event or family episode. Let me give two or three instances. In a certain village a man was charged with theft, and he and his wife commemorated his acquittal by naming their next born after the counsel who defended him. Another family, locally famous for its largeness—there were fifteen children, each of whom rejoiced in triple Christian names—having exhausted their stock of celebrities, cousins, and saints, fell back, in the Jubilee year, on the trio, "James, John, Jubilee" for their first-born son; and it would be interesting to know how many girls will have the date of their birth proclaimed for life by the possession of "Pretoria" as their Catechismal appellation.

Finally, I must record a strange combination that came under my notice recently. It was a boy who, when asked to write his name in full, astonished us with "Oscar Victor Wild."—Yours, &c.,

E. C. GATES.

Manchester, October 10th.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of the article on "More Christian Names," in last week's *NATION*, seems to me to make unnecessary difficulties over the derivation of the word "dismal."

Surely it comes from the Latin "dies-mali," evil or unfortunate days?

Many beautiful Christian names are lost by association

with that which is not beautiful. Otherwise, what a soft and poetic name "sciatica" would be!—Yours, &c.,

M. GUINNESS.

Little Waltham Hall, near Chelmsford,  
October 19th, 1910.

### "NOEL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the article on Christian Names is unwilling to accept the derivation of the French Noël (Christmas) from the Latin *Natalis* (Birthday), but he makes no attempt to show that it is erroneous either on historical or philological grounds. This etymology is accepted by all modern Romanic scholars. He prefers the fantastic etymology of Cornelius à Lapide, and tells us that the French word may be an abbreviation of the Portuguese *Manoel*, an abbreviated form of the Hebrew word *Emmanuel*. This conjecture would be more plausible if it could be shown either that there was, as a matter of fact, in Portuguese a word *Noël* in use as a shortened form of *Emmanuel*, meaning also "Christmas," or that there existed at any time in the French language the word *Manoel* (from *Emmanuel*), whence might be derived a shorter form, *Noël*, used, first, as a pet name for *Emmanuel*, and, secondly, as a name for the birthday of our Lord. As this cannot be done, the argument from the Portuguese *Manoel* falls to the ground.—Yours, &c.,

A. L. MAYHEW.

21, Norham Road, Oxford, October 19th, 1910.

### THE MORAL OF THE FRENCH STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In all the discussions and articles that have been called forth by the French railway strike, the Berlin riots, and the Boilermakers' trade-union dispute, their common point of issue seems to be misapprehended.

Each in turn—the insurrectionary movement against the Republican Government, against the police of Berlin, and against the trade-union officials—has been attributed to Socialism—that vague and convenient word, which gives to so many opposing currents the useful tinge of incomprehensibility and disrepute.

As a matter of fact, every one of these insurrections was against Socialism; not against the visionary Socialism of the street corners, but against the actual realised Socialism of modern life, which subordinates everything to keeping the machine efficient and in working order.

It matters very little what were the peculiar merits of the disputed points; they were all suppressed on the ground that they caused public inconvenience, on the plea that they were dangerous to existing society, that the strikers were sacrificing public expediency to their personal grievances. Stronger than the arm of any policeman, sharper than the sword of the military, Public Opinion is called in to back each Government in making the machine and men work once more.

Civilisation has been scared at the shadow of disruption, and every respectable father of a family, every employee in the smallest of every sub-department of the State feels it to be his duty to God and Society to stamp out this wild beast misnamed Socialism.

What is this worship of Law and Order but Socialism itself? Do the Socialists desire anything higher than the greatest good of the greatest number? Are they not willing to sacrifice themselves—and, in moderation, any other minority of people—to the glorious effigy of public welfare? In the Socialist State everything has its place, and must keep its place—or be kept in it. The State may be called a Republic, or a Kaiser, or loyalty to trade-union officials, but the system is one and the same; and every individual who insists on being a unit and not a fraction is a traitor. He must be—not beheaded, for that would be cruel—but placed in a labor colony or an asylum, according as his revolt is mostly physical or mostly intellectual. He has departed from the normal. He has stepped out of the planetary system.

If the victims, destined in the interests of social welfare to form the path for the Juggernaut car of State, venture to rise up and fling stones at that sacred construction, they are hooted at as Socialists and confined as malefactors.

They are not Socialists. They are something that has a very different name; and some of us may think that it is better the Car of Progress should stand still rather than move on over maimed and protesting individualities. The strikers, whatever the technical cause of their revolt, were fighting to free themselves from a System, which starves their souls even more than their bodies.

If crimes have been committed in the name of Liberty, what crimes have not been committed in the name of Law and Order? The Nevsky Prospect, the Avenue Moabit, have each had their *auto-da-fé*. "Democratic" bodies do things in less pictorial ways, but every boilermaker who, without the permission of his trade union, ceases to labor, is fined 5s., while M. Briand "sympathises" with the industrious workmen, and trusts they will return to their "Duty."

Through generations the ideal of France and England has been Liberty; if they are to accept masters, it matters little under what title these masquerade.—Yours, &c.,

JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.

Frankfurt a/M., October 18th, 1910.

### SOME OLD-FASHIONED PHRASES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—None of your correspondents have given what seems to me the reasonable explanation of "Lay o'er for meddlers." I take it to be "Lay holds for meddlers," meaning something for meddlers "to lay hold of"—i.e., to meddle with. It is always used to restrain eager children when asking awkward questions. "Mamma, what's in that box?" and mother replies, "Lay holds for meddlers"—in other words, "Mind your own business."

The "crutches for lame ducks" I take to be a reference to the childish belief that because ducks waddle they are lame.—Yours, &c.,

HY. ALLSOPP.

P.S.—It may be worth while noting that the phrase, "to lay hold of a thing," is common in Lancashire.

Ruskin College, Oxford, October 15th, 1910.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

[We have received an interesting letter from the Editor of the "Catholic Herald" on the "Sillon," but, as the correspondence has been closed, we regret our inability to insert it, and a further communication in favor of the "Sillon."—ED., NATION.]

## Poetry.

### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

O THOSE sweet notes, so soft and faint, that seemed  
Locked up inside a thick-walled house of stone;  
And then that sudden rush of sound, as though  
The doors and windows were wide open thrown.  
Do with me, O sweet Music, as thou wilt,  
I am thy slave, to either laugh or weep;  
Thy power can make thy slave a lover proud,  
Or friendless man that has no place to sleep.  
I hear thy gentle whisper, and again  
Hear ripples lap the quays of sheltered docks;  
I hear thy thunder, and it brings to mind  
Dark Colorado scaling his huge rocks.  
I hear thy joyous cries, and think of birds  
Delirious when the sun doth rise in May;  
I hear thy moans, and think me of poor cows  
That miss at night the calves they licked by day.  
I hear thee wail, and think of that sad queen  
Who saw her lover's disappearing mast;  
How she, who drank and wasted a rich pearl—  
To prove her love—was left to wail at last.  
Do with me, O sweet Music, as thou wilt;  
Till even thou art robbed by jealous sleep  
Of those sweet senses thou hast forced from me—  
And I can neither laugh with thee nor weep.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Molière: His Life and His Works." By Brander Matthews. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." By R. F. Johnston. (Murray. 15s. net.)  
 "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul." By T. G. Tucker. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life of Giorgio Vasari: A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy." By Robert W. Carden. (Lee Warner. 16s. net.)  
 "Lectures on Greek Poetry." By J. W. Mackail. (Longmans. 9s. 6d. net.)  
 "Stocks and Shares." By Hartley Withers. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Old English Instruments of Music." By Francis W. Galpin. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "On Something." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 5s.)  
 "The Troubadour and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)  
 "Clara Novello's Reminiscences." Compiled by her daughter, Contessa Valeria Gigliucci. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Second Post." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s.)  
 "The Human Chord." By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "Howard's End." By E. M. Foster. (Arnold. 6s.)  
 "Après l'Abandon de la Revanche." Par Juliette Adam. (Paris: Lemerre. 3fr. 50.)  
 "La Légende des Philosophes: Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, peints par eux-mêmes." Par A. Tornezy. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)  
 "Au Vent de la Vie." Roman. Par J. D. Sinclair. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

THE late Professor John Stuart Blackie began an autobiography when he had reached the age of sixty, and the volume, which has been prepared for the press by his nephew, Mr. A. Stodart Walker, will be issued next month by Messrs. Blackwood. As a "Life" of Professor Blackie and a collection of his letters have already been published, we can hardly expect many new facts of importance. But the former volumes show that he could gossip very agreeably upon paper, and his autobiography is sure to give us some entertaining glimpses of Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, and others among the great Victorians whom he knew. An alert, rattling, and rather self-willed personality such as Blackie's is often seen to best advantage in autobiographical reminiscences and reflections.

ANOTHER autobiography of the season will be Mr. Elihu Vedder's "The Digressions of V," which Messrs. Constable are to issue in this country. Mr. Vedder is the *doyen* of American artists, and has met many of the celebrities of the time, both in America and in the art centres of Europe. If we may judge from the portions of his autobiography that have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," its main interest lies in its revelation of a whimsical and engaging temperament, and the humorous though often searching reflections on both life and art which it contains. A large number of reproductions from Mr. Vedder's paintings are used as illustrations.

IN 1840, according to Macaulay, "every schoolboy" knew "who strangled Atahualpa," and three years later the publication of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" made the story of Inca civilisation familiar to many readers who never hoped to rival Macaulay's schoolboy in general knowledge. Since Prescott wrote, a good deal of fresh material relating to the Incas has been brought to light, and this is embodied in "The Incas of Peru," by Sir Clements Markham, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are to publish next week. Sir Clements Markham, to whom is due the credit of introducing the quinine-yielding chinchona tree from Peru to British India, where it is now largely cultivated, began his studies of the Incas when he visited Peru nearly sixty years ago. He has kept abreast of the discoveries made by Peruvian research since that date, so that his book will supplement Prescott in several important particulars. It contains two appendices—a translation of the Inca drama of Ollantay, and a curious love-story told to Morua by Amantas about the year 1585.

NEXT week Messrs. Constable will begin publication of a new series of shilling books on "Modern Religious Problems." The aim of the series is to place before the general

reader a statement of the manner and degree in which traditional conceptions of the Christian religion have been modified by modern scholarship. The little books are written by specialists, and among the first to appear will be "The Gospel of Jesus," by Professor G. W. Knox; "The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus," by Professor F. C. Burkitt; "Paul and Paulinism," by Dr. James Moffatt; and "The Founding of the Church," by Professor B. W. Bacon. The same publishers have almost ready Mr. Edward Scribner Ames's "Psychology of Religious Experience," a book which is likely to prove a valuable contribution to a line of psychological inquiry which the late Professor James made so popular.

PARIS is to have a new weekly paper, which will be of more than local interest. Its title is "Les Droits de l'Homme," the first number will be published on November 5th, and it will cost two sous. Its profession of faith is summed up in a sentence of its preliminary manifesto: "Une République de politiciens et de jouisseurs, une République sans idéal n'est pas la nôtre." To the "politique d'apaisement," that is, of political and social reaction, it will oppose a reassertion of democratic principles; to the "politique de réalisation," that is, of base materialism, it will oppose a vigorous advocacy of high ideals. It aims at taking up, in some sort, the work abandoned by the defunct "Sillon," without the ecclesiastical attachments of the latter. Purely "laïque," the "Droits de l'Homme" will assert the necessity of faith and the importance of the religious sense. A section of the paper will be regularly devoted to a chronicle of the religious movement in all countries, and its contributors include several emancipated "Modernists." The paper has no connection with the "Ligue des Droits de l'Homme," although, of course, their principles have much in common; the "Droits de l'Homme" declares itself to be the organ of "penseurs libres" and "libres croyants." The Editor is M. Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson, who is assisted by an editorial committee. Among the members of this committee and the contributors and correspondents are: MM. L. Bazalgette, Ferdinand Buisson, G. Belot, Pierre Dabry, Robert Dell, Paul Desjardins, Jean Finot, Etienne Giran, Elie Gounelle, Gustave Geffroy, Louis Havet, Albert Houtin, Marius-Ary Le Blond, Léopold-Lacour, Pierre Mille, Romolo Murri, Félix Pécaut, Frédéric Passy, Georges Renard, Romain Rolland, Gabriel Séailles, Dr. de Stefano, Henry Vanière, and Madame Avril de Sainte-Croix.

SOME sidelights on Whistler's methods as an etcher are promised in "Frederick Goulding: Master Printer of Copper Plates," by Mr. Martin Hardie, which Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling, has in the press. Goulding's association with so many artists of distinction—among them Whistler, Rodin, Legros, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. William Strang, Mr. Hole, and Sir Charles Holroyd—and the part he played in the revival of etching give value to his biography as an addition to the history of artistic endeavor. A lecture by Goulding, giving practical hints and directions on matters pertaining to his craft, and now printed for the first time, forms one of the chapters.

THE death this week of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe removes one of the last of the band of writers who derived their literary impulse from the New England of Emerson, transcendentalism, and anti-slavery. She wrote a great deal, and on a wide variety of topics, her finest achievement being the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written for the Northern Armies during the crisis of the Civil War, which, for all its swing of rhythm and power of sentiment, has never quite been accepted as a great war song. Her "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli" is an interesting account of a striking personality. But it was to schemes of social improvement that Mrs. Howe gave most of her time and energies. She joined the Brook Farm Colony, the experiment in idealistic communism made famous by Hawthorne's "Blythedale Romance," in 1840, and she was one of the first members of the Anti-Slavery Society. Of late years she threw herself into the movement for women's suffrage, and wrote and lectured on its behalf. She leaves behind the memory of a gracious personality, who freely spent time, money, and popularity for the causes she had at heart.

## Reviews.

## JOHNSON.\*

Or these essays on Johnson four have been published before. Those on "Johnson without Boswell" and "Johnson's Lives of the Poets" are new. The first of these two will perhaps be found the most instructive of the six, but they are all admirable. Professor Raleigh does not take up any particular theory in order to attract attention and prove originality. His judgments are sober, are based upon facts, and are convincing. The question discussed in the "Johnson without Boswell" is the sufficiency of Boswell's portrait of Johnson. Can we say that we have in it a representation of him in which no line of any importance has been omitted? Professor Raleigh is of opinion that we cannot say it, and I would go a little farther by adding that Boswell, although he is so accurate, is misleading.

Whenever he talks religion, he is very near to canting, and reminds us of whiskey-punch. Johnson was profoundly sincere, terribly sincere, and it is a law as unconditionally true as any one of Newton's laws of motion that sincerity cannot be penetrated by insincerity.

Johnson's other friends agree that what struck them in him was his humor, a quality which was certainly not prominent in Boswell. Fanny Burney, writing to Mr. Crisp, says:—

"Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me, for he has a partial goodness to your Fannikin, that has made him sink the comparative shortness of our acquaintance and treat and think of me as one who had long laid claim to him. If you knew these two (Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson) you would love them, or I don't know you so well as I think I do. Dr. Johnson has more fun, and comical humor, and love of nonsense about him, than almost anybody I ever saw; I mean when with those he likes; for otherwise, he can be as severe and as bitter as report relates him."

What would we not have given to see and hear the Streatham Johnson!

There was another side of Johnson not known to Boswell—the side familiar to Savage when they walked round St. James's Square for hours because they had not enough money to pay for a lodging, "inveighed against the minister, and resolved they would stand by their country."

Consider how limited were Boswell's opportunities. They were commonly a club or a tavern. Professor Raleigh quotes from Sir John Hawkins, who makes Johnson say:—

"As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight."

But this, as Professor Raleigh observes, was not the talk for which he most cared. He declared—

"that to be the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments."

This was not the sort of conversation which best suited Boswell, and he had not much chance of hearing it.

Boswell's aim was to report Johnson to the best of his ability. He does not mind if in so doing he humiliates himself or even becomes contemptible. There is a passage in the "Tour to the Hebrides," September 26th, 1773, which may serve as an illustration. He had been very drunk one night at a friend's house in Skye. Johnson had gone to bed early. Here is Boswell's entry in his journal:—

"Sunday, September 26th.—I awaked at noon, with a severe headache. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain, while the companion of the Rambler. About one he came into my room, and accosted me, 'What, drunk yet?' His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. 'Sir' (said I), 'they kept me up.' He answered, 'No, you kept them up, you drunken dog!' This he said with good-humored English pleasantry. Soon afterwards, Corrichatichin, Col, and other friends assembled round my bed. Corri had a brandy bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. 'Ay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport.' Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-

naturedly said, 'You need be in no such hurry now.' I took my host's advice and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my headache. When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. McKinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, 'And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess.' Some would have taken this as a Divine interposition."

On this passage in the "Journal," Boswell has the following note:—

"My ingenuously narrating this occasional [not by any means 'occasional' *Reviewer's note*] instance of intemperance has I find been made the subject both of serious criticism and ludicrous banter. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious critics should not have had the sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote, which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good humor with which he could treat those excesses in his friends, of which he highly disapproved."

The consequence of Boswell's extraordinary devotion and self-annihilation is that we have a portrait unmatched for strength of line; but the strength is exercised within Boswell's limitations, and is therefore actually a hindrance to a just conception of his hero. If we wish not to miss the real Johnson we must draw from another source than Boswell and turn to the "Works." Professor Raleigh well says:—

"We come to closer quarters with Johnson in the best pages of the 'Rambler' than in the most brilliant of the conversations recalled by Boswell."

Johnson is not the only man who finds it easier to confess himself in a book, which can be had in any bookseller's shop for money, than in talking, although only to one or two. To prove Professor Raleigh's assertion, I will venture to subjoin three or four extracts from the "Rambler":—

"If a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less, upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized nonentities to his mind. (Italics mine.) He is not surprised because he is not disappointed, and he escapes disappointments because he never forms any expectations. . . . The wit, the hero, the philosopher whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations die without any other effect than of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. . . . Those who in their lives were applauded and admired are laid at last in the ground without the common honor of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them. . . . The truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom, perhaps, not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember that we likewise are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us; and that the utmost we can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten."

It is difficult, after reading these extracts, to avoid a moment's digression on Macaulay. His essay, which presents us, instead of Johnson, with a lay-figure stuffed with sawdust, says of Johnson's prose that it is "systematically vicious. . . . It is a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse." He is guilty of "the constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets till it becomes as stiff as the bust of an exquisite," and of using "antithetical forms of expression constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the words expressed." But ought grave subjects to be discussed in the language of a nurse? Should we like the "Areopagitica" translated into it? Would it really be suitable for the passages just given from the "Rambler"? Nay, a style for all literature worth anything may justly be defended, and a good book gains by a dialect which may be called non-natural if we mean that it is above that of the tea-table. As to Johnson's antitheses, it will seldom be found that the second member merely duplicates that which immediately preceded it. In the first of our quotations, "nor ever realised nonentities to his mind" is not a repetition of "never indulged dreams till he was deceived by them." The second half of the sentence does not weaken the first as it would if it merely said the same thing over again. On the contrary, it is an addition of force.

\* "Six Essays on Johnson." By Walter Raleigh. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.



Professor Raleigh's bold but sober judgment, in effect, is that Johnson is the greatest man England has seen since Bacon, excepting Shakespeare, and I humbly, but heartily, agree. We have had poets to whom the sea, sky, rivers, and hills have spoken what they never spoke to Johnson; we have had philosophers who have introduced us to a region of which Johnson had no suspicion; his piety, although undoubted, is intimately connected with a narrow orthodoxy, and interests us only because it is his, unlike the piety, for example, of Thomas à Kempis, which is not only his but our own; finally, he seems to have cared nothing, gravest defect perhaps of all, for music and painting, nor indeed for beauty in any shape as beauty; and yet it is to him I pay especial homage, such as I do not pay to poet, philosopher, saint, or artist. He was not a this or a that; he belonged to the small class who live for the sake of living, and whose object is to cultivate the art of living wisely. He walked through the world observing men and their ways, and caring for nothing else.

How many people read Johnson now? How many will be induced by Professor Raleigh to turn to the "Rambler" and the "Idler"? The majority of those who take credit for being literary and for being great readers will content themselves with Macaulay's delusive glitter and impossible paradoxes or with dips into Boswell. The dust which lies thick on the "Works" will not be disturbed. The wisdom of our wisest man is not wanted. Yet it would be a mistake to say he is dead. It is impossible that the life which was in him should come to nothing. This is what we call faith.

W. HALE WHITE.

#### ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.\*

[First Notice—Vol. V.]

IN the history of our national drama, from its earliest stages down to the closing of the theatres at the time of the Civil war, the "Cambridge History" has a great theme, and one which its learned editor is well qualified to control. Dr. Ward is himself the author of a standard work upon the subject, and in these volumes he has laid under contribution the service of some twenty other writers, many of them already well known for their labors in the same field. The result can hardly be termed a history in any strict sense; it lacks the single underlying conception which alone can give unity and coherence; but the books present at least the materials for a history, and though their separate chapters vary both in interest and value, they maintain throughout a high standard of scholarship.

The tale opens with an account of the miracle plays and moralities. The early religious drama of the Middle Ages, the main stem upon which later the different foreign strains were grafted, is dealt with in a learned article, which loses much interest, and to the young student will lose real value, by its severe compression. Professor Creizenach's knowledge of his subject is incontestable, yet we venture to think that he underrates its permanent literary worth. It is, indeed, obvious that, as he says, "the later Middle Ages was not a period of great poetical splendor"—all the more reason for emphasising, both by statement and illustration, those qualities that it undoubtedly has. "Poetical splendor" is hardly a characteristic of the old ballad, yet it was able to stir the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like a trumpet. And so with these plays, which aimed at moving to laughter or to tears much the same audience; if they are not poetically splendid (the phrase has a suggestive ring of Dr. Johnson about it), they have other qualities which, in the eyes of many readers, count for even more—naïveté, simple but rugged pathos, and a vigorous sense of life. And the well-intentioned apology for their authors which follows, that "they had little thought of their productions as procuring literary enjoyment by reading," is equally applicable to the bulk of their successors in the regular drama. It accounts for much that is dull and worthless in both kinds. But it does not exonerate us from appreciating what there is in them of abiding human interest. And no one who has studied the delicate touches by which in the York plays the characters of Joseph and Mary are built up, who has read

the Brome play on the sacrifice of Isaac, or felt the grace and simple beauty of the shepherds' song in the Townley cycle, will be satisfied with Professor Creizenach's estimate. To their comic realism he does more justice, though even here we think his praise too guarded. For one, at least, of the contributors to the Townley cycle had a vital humor and a skill in vivid portraiture which rank him among the greatest writers of our early literature.

In these comic scenes the national element, essential to living drama, was doubtless most fully developed. It is true that tragedy and pathos must assume a familiar dress if they are to convince an unsophisticated audience—that they must be English before they can be universal. But comedy is the surest aid to the attainment of this effect. Every nation has its own peculiar sense of humor; and the dramatist soon learnt that by sympathy with his laughter the people could be drawn into sympathy with his tears, and so come to recognise the characters put before them as men of like passions with themselves. The significance of all this in relation to the later drama should not be overlooked. In his anachronisms, his blending of tragedy and comedy, above all in the nationalising of his material, the Elizabethan dramatist was but following precedent. "Shakespeare," says Goethe, "turns his Romans into Englishmen, and he does right, for otherwise his nation would not have understood him." In so doing he was working in the spirit of those cruder craftsmen, in whose plays Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and Mary, Cain, Herod, and the shepherds put off their Oriental dress and assumed the character and condition of English peasants and their masters.

The two essays that follow develop with admirable clearness the evolution of tragedy and comedy. Particularly interesting and suggestive is Professor Cunliffe's treatment of the influence of Seneca; and Dr. Boas, in his appreciation of the "Interludes" of Heywood, presents his subject with a literary skill that is unfortunately absent in some of the other essays. In the chapter devoted to the University wits we should have liked a more detailed criticism of Greene. Greene was not only distinct qualities of his own, well worth a fuller study, but in many points anticipates the triumphs of greater artists than himself. Peele's claim to our notice, as Professor Baker justly points out, lies chiefly in his exquisite sense of poetic rhythm, in which even Marlowe can hardly be said to excel him. Yet, though Peele had no gift of dramatic construction and very little feeling for character, it is perhaps significant that in the delineation of illicit passion he attains to some psychological intensity. At the close of "Edward I.," where the king and his guilty brother disguise themselves as friars to attend on Eleanor, and the dying queen, not knowing who they are, confesses her sin to husband and paramour, Peele has conceived a truly powerful situation. And similarly in "David and Bethsabe." It seems to us singularly unfortunate that Professor Baker should repeat the time-honored statement that this drama is "an attempt to revive the miracle play." Nothing, probably, was further from its author's wish. But he realised, if he did not develop, the dramatic possibilities latent in the passion of David and the remorse of Bethsabe, here alone getting into touch with life, and sure of his appeal to a public whose tastes were later to be fed by Beaumont and Fletcher, by Marston, and by Ford.

Of Marlowe, the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, Professor Gregory Smith has written excellently. We may incline to dissent from his view that Marlowe "is rarely, and as it were by chance, held in our literary affection for his own sake"; for it is our opinion that of all the Elizabethan dramatists save Shakespeare, and of all the poets save perhaps Spenser and Sidney, Marlowe has most fully come to his own; and that "Dr. Faustus" and "Hero and Leander" are read and appreciated by many to whom the facile Fletcher and rare Ben Jonson are merely names. But this is a slight matter. The intrinsic character of Marlowe's writing, and his influence on Shakespeare, could hardly be summed up with saner judgment than in these lines:—

"What is fundamental and new in Marlowe, and was, indeed, his true aid to his dramatic successors, is his poetic quality—the gift of the 'brave transalunary things' of Drayton's eulogy. If there be anything in the common statement that Shakespeare is indebted to him, it is less for his great pattern of dramatic verse or even for his transformation of the crude history play than for the example of a free imagination, encom-

\* "Cambridge History of English Literature." Vols. V. and VI. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Cambridge University Press. 9s. net each.



passing great things greatly. It is harder to think of Shakespeare's profiting by direct study of Marlowe's 'experiments' in caesura and run-on lines than of his finding encouragement in the wealth of metaphor and in the energy of the new drama. In this poetic habit rather than in technical ingenuities are we to seek in such predecessors as Marlowe and Lyly for points of touch with Shakespeare."

With a like insight, Professor Smith insists on regarding Marlowe primarily as a poet rather than a dramatist. In truth, Marlowe, with his passionate egoism, his inability to understand or to portray any character but his own, and that in certain easily recognised moods and situations, was no more a dramatist born than Byron, who in some few respects resembles him. It was not the inevitable bent of his natural genius that directed him to the drama; it was the hard conditions that the time had put upon him; and just as the premature birth of Chaucer deprived the world of its greatest writer of comedy, so Marlowe and many another Elizabethan gave imperfect dramatic form to a passionate sense of life and a full poetic imagination, which could only have found perfect expression in narrative or lyric verse. The disappointment experienced by many an enthusiastic reader of Charles Lamb's "Specimens," when he turns to the plays from which the unerring taste of Lamb had drawn them, finds some at least of its justification in this; and those who see little that is permanent in our modern drama may find some food for reflection in the fact that nothing but the poetry (and what poetry it often is!) has kept alive the drama, even of our greatest dramatic period.

And so we pass to Shakespeare. To survey at all adequately so vast a subject within the limits prescribed by the scheme of the volume was a well-nigh hopeless task, and it was a happy thought of the editors to entrust it to Professor Saintsbury. In his short forty pages Professor Saintsbury has no room, even if he had the inclination, to startle us with new theories; but if he says little that is fresh, he says everything freshly. His essay makes delightful reading. It is learned with a constant allusiveness that will appeal to the reader in proportion as he is versed in Shakespeare and Shakespearean study, and it is instinct with a humorous scepticism that will re-echo the feelings of all those who, like him, are steeped in what is somewhat ironically termed the literature of the subject, and, like him, have found that much of it is vanity. To all faddists, from those who regard Shakespeare as a myth to those who see in every line of the plays material for biography, Professor Saintsbury is ready to give a fall, and his article throughout is written with a gusto that makes it clear that, after all the services he has rendered to the study of our literature, his eye is not dim nor his force abated. As an example of the many good things in his essay, we cull, almost at random, his reply to those who wonder how Shakespeare could have acquired the knowledge he everywhere reveals:—

"The difficulty comes from a surprising mixture of ignorance and innocence. A lawyer of moderate intelligence and no extraordinary education will get up, on his brief, at a few days' notice, more knowledge of an extremely technical kind than Shakespeare shows on any one point, and will repeat the process in regard to almost any subject. A journalist of no greater intelligence and education will, at a few hours' notice, deceive the very elect in the same way. Omniscience, no doubt, is divine, but multiscience—especially multiscience a little scratched and admitting through the scratches a sea-coast to Bohemia and knowledge of Aristotle in Ulysses—is quite human. What is wonderful is not what, in the book sense, Shakespeare knew, but what he did and was. And the man, whoever he was, who wrote what Shakespeare wrote would have not the slightest difficulty in knowing what Shakespeare knew."

Professor Saintsbury's remarks on the sonnets are in like manner sane and illuminating. With all his learning he retains, what scholars are so apt to lose, his common-sense. Naturally he has no room for a detailed criticism of the plays, but remarks he lets slip by the way show how individual and interesting such a treatment would have been from his pen. In passing, however, we must notice his defence of the Shakespearean authorship of "Titus Andronicus," which has been denied, in the teeth of all contemporary evidence, simply because some people would rather believe that Shakespeare did not write it; and to those solemn persons who, though they admit that Shakespeare wrote the "Merry Wives of Windsor," wish that he hadn't, we commend the illuminating comment on that play. Most interesting, too, is his suggestion that the inequalities of style noticeable in so many of the dramas are due to the

composition of different parts of them at different periods. The view is commonly held of a few plays, but we gather that Professor Saintsbury would extend it to a good many more, and we wish that he had had the space to develop his theory in some detail. With some fine words on Shakespeare's prodigality of genius and his tolerance, the essay is brought to a close.

Other chapters in the volume we have barely space to mention. Professor Moorman writes on the plays of uncertain authorship attributed to Shakespeare, Mr. Walder on the text of Shakespeare, and Professor Robertson on Shakespeare on the Continent. Finally, Dr. Ward gathers together much valuable, though rather heterogeneous material in a miscellaneous article entitled "Some political and social aspects of the later Elizabethan and earlier Stuart period." The volume as a whole is an important contribution to our literary history; with the succeeding volume, which treats of the later Elizabethan drama, we shall deal in another article.

### THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.\*

WHEN M. Loisy produced the first edition of the present work, between nine and ten years ago, he was a distinguished member of the Roman Catholic communion, and was actively engaged in the endeavor to harmonise the conclusions of modern Biblical criticism with the principles of Catholic theology. At that time, it was apparently his belief that there was a possibility of reconciling the new conclusions of historical inquiry with the fundamental ideas of the old faith. He dreamed of a renovated and regenerated Catholicism which, while holding to all the religious essentials of the Church, would at the same time be abreast of all that is best in the thought and action of the modern world. But this generous dream of M. Loisy presented itself as a nightmare to his ecclesiastical masters at the Vatican, and in their eyes the learned and accomplished French Abbé was not a true servant of the Church, but a dangerous enemy of the faith. He was promptly rebuked, condemned, and silenced, and the saying of the late Hippolyte Taine was once more abundantly verified—that it is impossible to reconcile Catholicism and the modern mind. In the preface to the present volume, which is a new edition of his older work, M. Loisy has evidently arrived at the same conviction. He has not, as far as we are aware, openly broken with contemporary Catholicism, but he now tells us that his previous anxiety of adapting it to the modern spirit has become a matter of indifference to him, and in this re-issue of "The Religion of Israel" he abstains from all arguments which were meant to interpret the teachings of the Church according to the demands of modern thought. The subject is now dealt with from a purely historical point of view.

It was a comparatively easy task to be the historian of the Israelitish and Jewish religion when the sacred literature containing the records of it was looked upon as an immediate revelation from heaven. As long as we look upon the Old Testament as a book dictated by God from cover to cover, we are not disturbed by any questions as to the value and trustworthiness of its contents. It must be absolutely free from error; it must contain nothing but absolute facts. Its account of the creation of the universe in six days must not be looked upon as a lofty attempt of the religious imagination to explain the impenetrable mystery of the origin of things. If we accept the old theories of revelation and inspiration, we must regard the first verses of the book of Genesis as a narrative of literal facts. How far it is wise to disturb the minds of those whose faith is anchored upon these old theories is a matter on which there may be much legitimate difference of opinion. But, as these theories are not historical evidence, but the pre-suppositions of religious faith, they cannot be utilised by the historian in his efforts to interpret the origin and development of Israel's religious history.

The first duty of every historian is to examine the value of the materials with which he proposes to work. In the case of the Hebrew religion, the principal, and, as M. Loisy says, almost the only, materials till the Oriental

\* "The Religion of Israel." By Alfred Loisy. Unwin. 5s. net.

conquests of Alexander are the collection of books which Christian tradition has defined as the Old Testament. This collection or canon was not definitely completed till about the advent of the Christian era. The first question which the historian has to ask himself is, When did the various books which constitute this collection arise? The order in which they appear in our English Bibles is not the order in which they were written. There is, for example, an almost unanimous consensus of opinion among modern scholars that the Pentateuch assumed its present form about the year 400 B.C., whilst the Song of Deborah, in the book of Judges, dates back to about 1250 B.C., and is probably the oldest document in the Bible. To sift the varied and heterogeneous material which is presented to us in the Old Testament, and to set it before us in chronological order, is a task of infinite delicacy, demanding the finest gifts of scholarship and historic insight. On some points it is comparatively easy to arrive at fairly definite conclusions; on others we must be content with more or less plausible hypotheses. But, as M. Loisy truly contends, a plausible conjecture is always worth more than a false assertion, even when it is traditional; and what is really important in such matters is the general truth of the landscape, notwithstanding some inevitable haziness in the details.

When we re-arrange the sources of Israel's religious development in accordance with the principles and best-assured results of contemporary scholarship, we find that it has passed through various phases, and is very far from being the same thing under Roman domination as it was in patriarchal times. When we trace it back as far as historical research will carry us, we find in the primitive songs, legends, and customs of the Israelitish people that their religion was, in its origin, a nomad religion. It was not the religion of a people who had settled upon the soil; it was a religion of wandering shepherd tribes. As the Hebrews were a Semitic people, the roots of their religion went down into the common ground of Semitic culture, and we find them sharing the belief that divine powers dwelt in stones, trees, springs, and animals, in common with the Semitic peoples around them. But, in addition to ordinary Semitic beliefs, and in distinction from them, the Israelitish nomads had a God whom they considered to be essentially their God, whilst they regarded themselves as essentially his people. Jahveh is the God of Israel, and Israel is the people of Jahveh—that is at the beginning, and remains to the end, the substance and backbone of the religion of Israel. But who was Jahveh? What sort of being was he to the minds of his nomadic worshippers? It is difficult to say with certainty. But it is probable that he was the God of the heavenly powers, the God of the clouds and storms, of the thunder and the lightning, as distinguished from the divine powers of the earth and sea. In origin a nature God, he ultimately assumes a moral significance, and manifests himself in history as the liberator of his people from Egyptian bondage, using Moses as his immediate instrument. In Moses we reach a new stage of Israel's religious development. We are introduced to the prophet. The prophet, as represented and typified by Moses, is a man whose activities originate in a divine revelation, whose purpose is the establishment of the divine power within the hearts of men, and whose method consists in the proclamation of the divine will.

Another stage in Israel's religious progress is reached with the settlement of the people in the land of Canaan. The nomadic religion of the wandering tribe now becomes a peasant religion. The religious feelings of the Hebrew peasant are manifested in the stories of the patriarchs, as recorded in the book of Genesis. These stories, it is true, contain many older elements, and due note must be taken of this fact, but the shape in which they are presented to us dates from the time of the settlement of the Israelites in Palestine, and the life which they reflect is the life of the Israelitish peasant when he has become a tiller of the soil. During this period he incorporated a good many Canaanitish sacrificial rites into his system of worship, but he never invested Jahveh with the attributes of the Canaanitish deities. Jahveh never descended to the level of a local deity; he always remained the God of the whole nation, the defender of justice and morality among his people. In the nomad and in the peasant religion of Israel we do not get quite beyond the stage of monolatry. Jahveh

is the God of Israel, and none other is to be worshipped beside him; but this faith does not exclude the belief that other peoples also have their gods. The prophets lifted up the religious consciousness of the nation to the conviction that "Jahveh our God is one God." In the prophetic religion, monolatry becomes monotheism; and, what is even more important, this one and only God is a God of justice, mercy, and truth. Israel's monotheism is an ethical monotheism; an indissoluble bond is henceforth established between religion and morality.

The final stage in the development of Israelitish religion is reached when it becomes a Law and a Hope. After the Exile, when the Jews became a religious community and ceased to be a nation, an attempt was made to codify the divine will. Hence the origin of the Law. Religious observances were placed on the same level as moral demands, and the prophetic religion, with its immediate appeal to the heart and conscience, became obscured. From that day to this the Law has remained the religion of the Jew, for, as the Talmud says, "As a fish dies out of water, so perisheth a Jew as soon as he quits the Law." In its Jewish form the Messianic Hope lured the nation and the race at the beginning of our era into a tragic catastrophe; it was only in Christianity that this age-long expectation assumed the appearance of reality.

M. Loisy's volume contains little that is new; it is a popular exposition of the growth and development of Israel's unique religious history. We have had several expositions of the same kind in recent years by Wellhausen, Gunkel, Marti, Addis, and others, and, although M. Loisy is not such a profound student of the Old Testament as some of these scholars, his volume is a useful introduction to the religion of a wonderful people.

#### THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS.\*

WE wonder how much would have been known of the Wiltshire Downs if it had not been for Salisbury, Silchester, the military manœuvres, and the writings of Mr. W. H. Hudson. The Sussex Downs are discovered for themselves, and the enthusiasm for them is widespread, largely because they are a few feet higher. They are the record in downs, higher rotundities going by the name of moors, among which perhaps Hindhead ought indeed to be classed. And so, happily for the strict connoisseur in rural peace and pastoral remoteness, the rolling, sky-encompassed downland of Wiltshire is untrodden by the million tourists' feet, its shepherds undebauched by Cockney intercourse, its myriad villages still the natural outgrowth of the landscape and its industry. It is true that a change has come over much of the scene since Wiltshire became the annual cock-pit of mimic war. It can afford to give the plain of Salisbury to Moloch so long as the pastoral simplicity of the uplands is allowed to remain. It is only for the few weeks of the autumn manœuvres that the journalist makes free with the names of the Winterbourne villages, the Valley of the Wylye, and remoter localities. In winter the hamlets sleep as soundly as in the days before Waterloo; in May the downs are flower-spangled for the especial delight of the young lambs, and the shepherd drowns at midsummer noon to the sound of numerous sheep-bells, having clean forgotten that London will shortly disgorge a fraction of her millions to play at battle and sudden death, if not murder, among the rolling vastness.

In such a landscape the shepherd is everything. He does not run the same risk of extinction by Mr. Hudson's *bête noire*, the pheasant, as his Scottish brother by the red deer and the grouse. It was inevitable that the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" should discover and love the Wiltshire guacho. In his new book Mr. Hudson tells us how Caleb Bawcombe and his friends continually remind him of his old acquaintances of the pampas—Tio Osidoro, Don Pascual of the "Three Poplar Trees," and Marcos, who would always have three black sheep in his flock. Like another Boswell, Mr. Hudson sits at the feet of Caleb for months and perhaps years, extracting by slow drops his reminiscences, his remarks on natural history and his

\* "A Shepherd's Life." By W. H. Hudson. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.



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herdsman's view of things. Seldom talking much, never able to ransack his memory to order, the old man let fall his information on various subjects at long intervals, his biographer setting them in a note-book, and afterwards sifting them into chapters to make one of the most charming books he has written.

It is not a photographic portrait of Bawcombe that comes to us. Every fact has passed through the refining mind of the word-painter, and is given us in the remote style of a Greek narrative. Nevertheless, the portrait breaks through the conventional paint, the portrait of the man and the beauty of his country in the light of an interpretation that gives us what we might otherwise have missed. Occasionally we get him and his friends in the vernacular—just often enough to remind us that they have this quaintness of speech, not so often as to make us think that their picturesqueness is all of this superficial kind. In the story of a famished sheep-dog adopted by Caleb, for example, both methods are introduced. The dog appears following a woman, who calls out: "Come here, Caleb, for goodness' sake, and drive this big dog away. He do look so desprit, I'm afraid of he." The rest of the story told by Caleb goes down in Mr. Hudson's words, and we are left to imagine from what raw material he got this third-person report of how the dog ate. "The dog hurled himself down on the food, and started devouring it as if the mass of meal had been some living, savage creature he had captured, and was frenziedly tearing to pieces. He turned round and round, floundering on the earth, uttering strange noises like half-choking growls and screams while gobbling down the meal; then, when he had devoured it all, he began tearing up and swallowing the turf for the sake of the little wet meal still adhering to it." Some such thing Caleb saw and tried to show Mr. Hudson, and in this way Mr. Hudson tries to show the thing to us. If the reader should think that it was a particularly unrestrained dog, he is welcome to the national consolation of knowing that it was afterwards shown to have been born and bred in Russia.

We feel that the message of the book owes not a little to the illustrations of Mr. Bernard Gotch. There is a spaciousness about his landscapes, however small may be their dimensions, that recalls at once the unique freedom and freshness of the downs, and his figures and shepherd portraits are as haunting as those done in words by Mr. Hudson. As for Caleb, whenever we would have a word with him, we must find him in the fold or on the wind-swept down where his flock is grazing. His first memory of life is of such a place, with his mother sitting on a bush, from which she gets up a little quickly on finding that she has been sitting on an adder. Again, when two other boys have put a captive tit-lark under a cap in order to decide their rights to it by fisticuffs, Caleb stretches out his stick and liberates the prisoner. He is an aristocrat among shepherds, abhorring cruelty to animals, respecting his master's rights concerning rabbits, refusing to discuss the personal affairs even of people long dead and buried.

Just as the downs are nothing without their shepherd, so the shepherd is nothing without his dog. It is in the sheepfold, more than almost anywhere else, that the adage is justified—like master, like dog. Many passed through the hands of Caleb, for the life of the dog is a short one. There was a dog that would kill adders wherever he saw them; Tramp, the Russian, that had to be got rid of because he would kill rabbits; and, best of all, Watch, that, like Caleb, never harmed any beast, but would bring young wild things in his mouth without a scratch for his master to look at. The best story about Watch is that of how he found old Nance's spectacles, easing the sore grief of herself and of the whole elderly village accustomed to borrow them. Says Mr. Hudson: "He had found them in the turnip field over a mile from home, and, though but a dog, he remembered that he had seen them on people's noses and in their hands, and knew that they must, therefore, be valuable—not to himself, but to that larger and more important kind of dog that goes about on its hind legs." Again we suspect a heavy palimpsest over the hand of Caleb. The saddest page in a sheepdog's life is the last. Like the shepherd himself, he cannot live without having to do with sheep. He often goes quite blind, and then bruises himself in his wild endeavors to hurdle the sheep by the ear alone, rushing against obstacles when flying to head off

scurrying feet. One of them left at home used to herd the hens all day. If tied up, he eats his heart out, wondering what the sheep are doing, and the only last kindness possible is a charge of shot in his brain.

Mr. Hudson tells of how the old shepherd worries if his master gives up the flock and there are no sheep to tend. And he tells of the patriarchal age to which these strong men of Wiltshire live, and how they take their departure in the midst of health, and after a life free from disease. We wish it were the universal story, even of rural life. He has found for us several instances of old couples going out of the world within a few days of one another, "the loss, the awful solitude," proving too much for the survivor. One old man who has lost his wife comes home every evening as usual, and cries up the stairs according to the custom of sixty years, "Now, then, Missis, be I to have that cup o' tea?" In a few days he goes elsewhere in pursuit of his Missis, without whom he cannot live. Another story is that of Shepherd Ierat, who, at the age of seventy-eight, comes home one evening, hangs up his crook, and declares that he'll go with the flock no more. No, he is not ill, perfectly well, but he's done his work. A few days later, after his wife had given him a cup of tea: "He got a footstool, and, placing it at her feet, sat down on it and rested his head on her knees; he remained a long time in this position so perfectly still that she at length bent over and felt and examined his face, only to discover that he was dead." So passes the shepherd. The verdict of Caleb himself is: "I don't say I want to have my life again, because 'twould be sinful. We must take what is sent. But if 'twas offered to me, and I was told to choose my work, I'd say, Give me my Wiltshere Downs again, and let me be a shepherd there all my life long."

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But it was her *liaison* with Voltaire that formed the only important episode of Emilie's life. It lasted over a period of fifteen years, most of which they spent at Cirey, "a terrestrial Paradise," as Voltaire put it, "where there is an Eve, and where I have not the disadvantage of being an Adam." The story of their relations is familiar to every reader of Voltaire's life. They quarrelled and made up, but upon the whole they were happy. They wrote their books, exchanged epigrams, argued over Leibnitz and Newton, visited and were visited, and supplied the smart set at Paris with a fund of gossip that never ran dry. "Frank Hamel" rightly emphasises the fact that their relationship was as much one of intellectual sympathies as of passion, and one can hardly dispute her conclusion that Voltaire and Emilie "in the main were lovers, and on certain intellectual lines they were entirely necessary one to the other."

Her infatuation with Saint-Lambert is difficult to explain. Horace Walpole thought him a great jackanapes and a very tiny genius. From what we can learn of him to-day he seems to have carried an amazing imperturbability into affairs of the heart, yet he was the successful rival of both Voltaire and Rousseau. The petty drama of their passion lasted less than two years, and ended at her death-bed in 1749, when Voltaire and Saint-Lambert were present. "She was a great man," Voltaire wrote to Frederick, a few days later, "whose only fault was in being a woman. A woman who translated and explained Newton, and who made a translation of Virgil without letting it appear in conversation that she had done these wonders; a woman who never spoke evil of anyone, and who never told a lie; . . . such is she whom you cannot hinder me from mourning all my life."

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flow and sweep of the design, when we stand back to view it at the close.

Take, for example, "The Velvet Glove," the first of the five stories. The involved sentences, with their cryptic details, are merely the *tesserae* with which the incomparable artist is laying down a rare, suggestive, three-figured pattern. Now, if twenty figures were to be introduced, it might well prove too exhausting to follow every movement of the mosaic-worker's skilled hand. In "The Velvet Glove," however, it is a pleasure to trace the artful, branching curves of a simple situation. Mr. Henry James is always specially delicious when, as in "The Death of the Lion," he takes as hero some man of letters whom he brings into collision with the abysmal indifference of our Anglo-Saxon world to æsthetic truth. In "The Velvet Glove" the background is of the semi-cosmopolitan world of Parisian society. Berridge, the author of "The Heart of Gold," is "the new literary star that had begun to hang, with a fresh red light, over the vast, even though rather confused, Anglo-Saxon horizon," and whose fame has been carried by the strength of a prodigious, unheard-of boom into the European "theatric sea" and borne "in the course of a year or two over German, French, Italian, Russian, and Scandinavian footlights." At an evening reception at Gloriani's studio, Berridge is introduced by his hostess to "the young Lord," a splendid Olympian person, a Grand Seigneur of the finest, bravest charm of manner, who asks him if he "would mind just looking at a book by a friend of his, Amy Evans, which he himself believed rather clever, but as to which—if it really wouldn't bore Mr. Berridge—he should so like the verdict of some one who knew." Mr. Berridge replies with the vague politeness suitable, and "horribly grimacing," when his attention is distracted to "a belated lady," the Princess who has just entered the *salon*, an "Olympian herself, supremely, divinely Olympian," the most beautiful woman in the room, young and dazzling, in all the pride of her youth and beauty and fortune and freedom. Berridge recognises in a flash that he has met the Princess and the young Lord before, on an occasion when he had been pushed by the officials into a compartment in an Italian express, and so unwittingly disturbed their "admirable intimacy that, having taken its precautions, had not reckoned with his irruption." With his unrivalled delicacy of touch, Mr. Henry James indicates all the fine implications of these Olympians' intimacy, and the social leagues that stretch between the ordinary mortal, such as Berridge, and those who, like the Princess, are born with the free and fearless enjoyment of their privileged state. With one of those inspired *volte-faces* that concentrate so much of the master's cunning, the unapproachable Princess confounds the "obsequious court" of her admirers and worshippers by turning her back on all the celebrities who are crowding round her, and singling out the modest author of "The Golden Heart" for her public worship. She has read his novel, it seems, "three times," and Berridge, with a swimming sense of exquisite amazement, sees her "hovering there before him in all her mild, bright, smooth sublimity," and saying, "I should be so very grateful if you'd come to see me." As Mr. Henry James takes fifty pages to develop, in all its ripe perfection, this delicious episode, we will merely explain that "Amy Evans" is the pen-name of the Princess, who confesses that she "just loves" the biggest of publics, the American millions, and that she "wants to be taken, to be loved, too, for myself, don't you know," as an author, and *not* as a Princess. Shock succeeds to shock, subtlety to subtlety, and we can only indicate the virtuosity of the literary treatment by extracting one sentence, which must speak for the amazing felicity of all its fellows:—

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"LORD KELVIN: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS SCIENTIFIC LIFE AND WORK," by Professor Andrew Gray (Dent, 2s. 6d. net), forms one of the volumes of the "English Men of Science" series, and is written by Kelvin's successor in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow. The work is not only interesting, but scientifically instructive to the student of physics; for, in addition to much information about the personal characteristics of this successor of Newton, there is an almost exhaustive exposition of the great scientific problems with which he grappled, many of which he was the first to solve. The genius of Thomson was, when he was but a boy of sixteen, inspired by the work of Fourier, "La Théorie Analytique de la Chaleur," a profound work, making an application of mathematics which was, to some extent, of the nature of a revelation; and it was on a subject expounded in this work that Thomson, at the above-mentioned age, wrote his first original paper, which was published in the "Cambridge Mathematical Journal." Such an achievement of a mere schoolboy reminds us of another extraordinary genius—Pascal—who at an even earlier age discovered for himself the main propositions of Euclid and of conic sections. Nothing in the work of such men is more instructive than the difficulties with which they had to grapple, and which they had to overcome, before they reached a full perception of the scientific truth of which they were in search; and the struggles of Thomson and Joule to found a perfectly consistent theory of heat on the ideas of Carnot are a most instructive example. It is difficult for us to realise the obstacles with which they had to contend; but even the non-scientific reader will at once see that much delay must have been caused by a principle, assumed seventy years ago without question, that heat is a veritable substance which could be squeezed into and out of bodies. The various steps of Thomson to overcome the contradictions and difficulties involved in this early view are very well set forth by Professor Gray.

ONE forgets the importance of literary qualities in reading a book like "The Herkomers" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

net); indeed, the very absence of the literary manner is one of its principal recommendations. Sir Hubert von Herkomer tells the story of his own life in Bavaria, the United States, Southampton, and Bushey, and tells it with a direct and simple force that disarms criticism of its naive egotisms and Boswellian detail. Yet, while it contains a frank record of his own career, excluding that professional part of it that is dealt with at length in "My School and My Gospel," it is at least as much a biography of his parents, particularly of his father, as of himself. So much, in fact, is this the case, and so absolutely whole-hearted is his acknowledgment of the benefits received from his father's influence, that one feels such little self-praise as he indulges in to be a further glorification of the father who encouraged him to success. Another good point is that, unlike so many Germans, especially political Germans, who make England the country of their adoption, Professor Herkomer never tries to disguise the fact of his nationality. English influence affected the development of his art; not without a touch of humor does he describe his youthful subservience to the peculiarly English talent of Frederick Walker; but, though this influence and others differentiated his art from that of the contemporary German school, he has remained at heart a Bavarian, and honestly proud of being one. The story of his early days is one of struggle and sacrifice, a tale in which the slow and painful emancipation of his talent went hand in hand with a fight for subsistence and self-respect in alien surroundings. Mutual love and loyalty carried the family through, and, when success came, it was the author's pleasure, as well as his duty, to repay the debt he owed to those self-denying parents. The record ends on a mournful note, the death of his second wife—an event set forth in the simple language best fitted to the unburdening of a great and tragic sorrow.

\* \* \*

MADAME DE SOUZA, the Duchesse de Duras, the Duchesse de Berry, and Princess Mathilde Bonaparte are the heroines of Mrs. Bearn's "Four Fascinating Frenchwomen" (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net). Only two of them—Madame de Souza and the Duchesse de Duras—were born in France, but both of the others were closely associated with French affairs and made France the land of their adoption. The best of the four biographies is that of the Duchesse de Berry, though Mrs. Bearn shows an excess of sympathy with the cause of Charles X. We may now add the Portuguese revolution to that of July, 1830, as a further proof that a monarchy which submits to clerical dictation is doomed. The Duchesse de Berry's futile attempt to create a legitimist rising was a piece of romantic folly, and when the news of her marriage with Lucchesi-Palli became public, Thiers could easily afford to ignore her. The Princess Mathilde was the least interesting of Mrs. Bearn's heroines, and had least claim to be called a Frenchwoman. "She had a Corsican father, a German mother, a Russian husband; she was born in Austria and brought up in Italy." But her introduction into the volume enables Mrs. Bearn to give some account of the personages who held the eyes of Paris under the Second Empire. The book covers a period which extends from the close of Louis XV's reign down to a date within living memory. It is agreeably written, and though it cannot be classed as an important contribution to history, it will be read with pleasure by those who care more for gossip about personalities than for serious historical disquisitions.

\* \* \*

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### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Oct. 14.	Price Friday morning, Oct. 21.
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SINCE Monday money troubles have developed fast, and the City was prepared on Thursday for another rise in the Bank rate from 4 to 5 per cent. Exactly the same thing happened just a year ago, and probably the upward move will produce the desired effect. Egypt has been the prime cause of dear money, for it has already taken nearly seven millions of gold from London for financing the cotton crop, some of which will be passed on to India. The Bank reserve has dropped nearly 4 millions since the rate went to 4 per cent., and some experts are a little afraid that even the 5 per cent. rate may be inadequate, if (in addition to Egypt, India, Brazil, and Argentina) there should be demands from the United States. However, the market rate is so high that 5 per cent. is likely to be effective, and gold may very probably flow to London from Paris and other centres. On Thursday Consols dropped for a time below 80, under the influence of dear money and of Mr. Balfour's speech, which points to a big naval loan if the Unionist Party should get back to power. The American and Rubber markets have also reacted.

#### CONSOLS AND CREDIT.

The yield of Consols at 80 is now practically the same as French Rentes, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot complain, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach once did, that the price is too high to make it worth while to have a sinking fund. Yet the public is much less inclined to buy than when the same stock stood at 110. Mr. Hartley Withers (whose new book on "Stocks and Shares" is certain of a warm welcome) was writing lately on the subject in the "Investors' Monthly Manual." He thinks that the super-tax (and I would add the higher death duties) has brought out some stock. Also it is stated very positively that underwriters have had to sell Consols, because they have not been able to sell all the large blocks of new securities of which they became possessed during the first half of the year, "owing to the apathy of the public towards new loans." Of this another proof has been seen in the Straits Settlements issue of last week, which has been left almost entirely in the hands of the underwriters. Mr. Withers also hinted that some of the selling has been due to realisations by holders of unsaleable rubber shares, who parted with Consols to pay calls on them. He summed up as follows:—

"There are thus reasons enough for the weakness of consols, so many that we have gone far towards an answer to the question, which everybody is asking, whether the fall is yet at an end. It can best be answered by another question: Do consols now attract the investor? They pay him a full 3 per cent., but is that enough to make him buy them? Experienced stockbrokers say that it is not enough even to make him keep them, and that when an estate passes by descent, the first thing that the legatees, or the executors, do is to sell any consols that may be contained in it.

"But when all is said and done, the great obstacle to a recovery in consols is still their relative dearth, and the general conviction among investors that there are many stocks which yield much more, and are, for all practical purposes, just as safe. It is likely enough that this conviction will finally lead to indiscretion and disaster, as investors get more and more accustomed to seeking high yields, and wander into unsafe

fields and pay dearly for their rashness. If and when this happens we may expect a reaction in favor of security in consols."

I am inclined to think, if only the Treasury and the Post Office would combine to issue and sell Consols in small bonds of £10 to small investors, and would do the same with Irish Land Stock, that a recovery of 5 or even 10 points would ensue. But there is also the political uncertainty, and the fear (confirmed, as I have said, by Mr. Balfour's speech) of a big naval loan if, after a General Election in January or February, the Unionists should get back to office.

#### PRICES AND GOLD.

The rise of prices is attracting attention all over the world, and even in England, where it is comparatively small, financial experts are beginning to speculate as to what may happen if the production of gold continues to outpace the production of other commodities. It must be remembered, however, that if the purchasing power of gold sinks, the profitability of the gold mines diminishes, so that those which only just pay cease to pay, and are shut down. Again, new demands have a wonderful way of arising as soon as the supply becomes more abundant. The great monetary ambition of pushful countries is to have a gold standard, or some approach to it. The latest aspirant is Argentina, which has long been amassing a big stock of gold. Another large stock is held by Brazil, another by Russia, and so on. The Indian Government is building up a gold reserve in order to make the exchange value of the rupee unassailable. It would not be surprising—for currency reform is in the air at Peking and Shanghai—if even China were not to wake up before very long and throw off silver in favor of gold. Such a move would make a vast difference. Another remarkable fact is the rapidly increasing use of gold for bank reserves and currency purposes in the United States. In fact, there is a general and rather bad tendency to regard big cash reserves as a substitute for sound banking and liquid assets.

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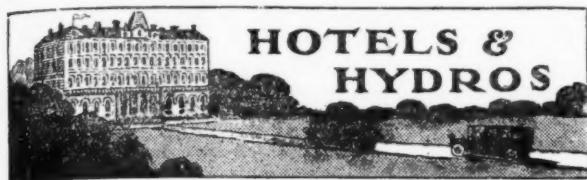
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